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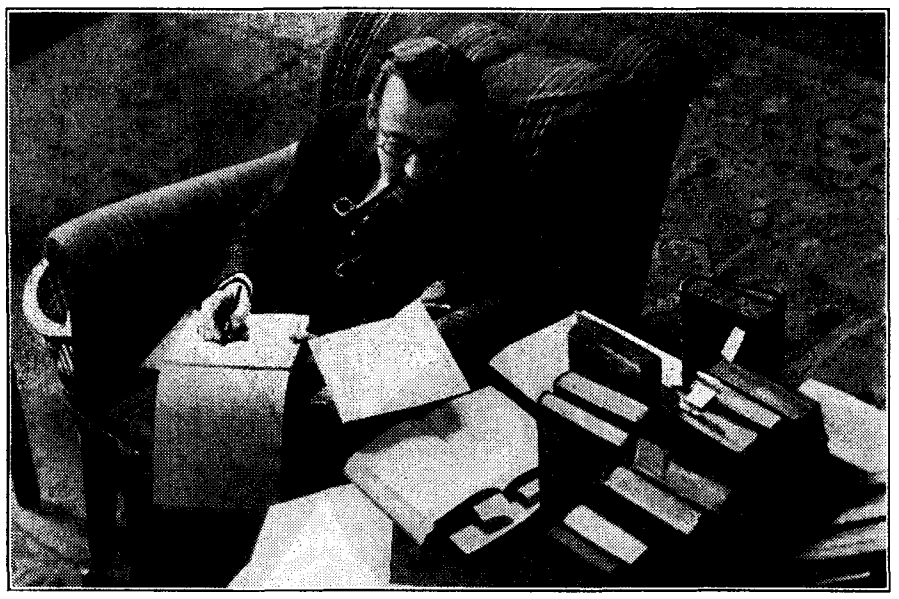
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1934 — NUMBER 5



PHILIP GUEDALLA AT WORK

Prelude to Waterloo

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $1.75.

Reviewed by C. D. ABBOTT

MR. GUEDALLA'S latest excursion in the paths of history, of which the Duke of Wellington is not surprisingly the hero, is invigoratingly controversial. Napoleon himself beguiled the tedium of St. Helena with elaborate plumbings of the reasons for his failure at Waterloo, and there grew out of these extended mental searchings into the past a series of excuses which has been unduly influential in later years. Historians and chroniclers, even the most patriotic of the English, have tended to put the blame anywhere save where it rightly belongs. Ney for premature use of the cavalry, Grouchy for his stupidity in underestimating the Prussians, various combinations of Marshals for their general inadequacies, have all done more than their share in carrying the burden of guilt. The Emperor's plan of campaign is made to appear flawless and devastatingly brilliant, while the Allies become victors only through the most lucky of accidents.

All this Mr. Guedalla undertakes to contradict. He shows that Napoleon's scheme itself was not altogether happy, that the conquest of Belgium had begun to be an *idée fixe* of the Emperor even at Elba, and that, when politically he was forced into action, when the uncertainty of internal affairs demanded from him some show of strength, he turned, not wholly willingly, to the northern campaign which was the best that could be devised in so short and so busy a time. And it failed, not through the incompetence of any particular Marshal or Marshals, not through unlucky chances, but because the Allies were too strong and too well directed, because at this point Wellington, with, to be sure, more advantages on his side, could and did out-general Napoleon. The recluse of St. Helena could spend his time pointing out the tactical blunders of the Allies, but the fact remains that Wellington more than came up to scratch.

This is a short book, very rapid in its movement. It suffers a little, perhaps, from too great compression, but it has the strength and something of the wit of Mr. Guedalla's best prose. As an argument, it is suggestive rather than exhaustive, though its suggestions are cogent enough to make it quite excitingly provocative.

Mr. O'Hara, and the Vulgar School

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA. By John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IF the younger American novelists wished to profit by tradition, they had four American masters of their trade, all living, all part now of literary history, all travelling by different roads, any one of which they could have chosen to follow. They had Dreiser, the super-reporter, whose massed detail gave at least an illusion of national consciousness; they had Sinclair Lewis, whose mimetic skill was the most powerful instrument of satire developed in our times; they had Willa Cather, a realist of values, creating a society in which every event was significant for character, and every character significant for the quality of culture; they had Joseph Hergesheimer, the craftsman of surfaces, expert in reproducing the sound and appearance of life. To generalize more broadly, they could have chosen the tradition of Zola, the tradition which stems from both Voltaire and Mark Twain, the tradition of Turgeniev, and the tradition of Bulwer Lytton. And they have chosen the modern improvements and scientific exactitudes which Hergesheimer imposed upon the school of Bulwer Lytton.

Not all of them. The proletarian novelists—Cantwell and others—have crossed the reportorial functions of Dreiser with the search for values of Willa Cather, but even their reporting shows the pride in realistic bric-a-brac of Hergesheimer, and their values have been confined by definition to the Marxian ideology. But most of the serious young writers are Hergesheimerians. They have tossed overboard as unsuitable to this age his antiquarianism where his handicraft was most graceful and most appropriate, and escaped from the smug atmosphere of his small-town life by a frank brutality which he was too much of a connoisseur to use. Yet to his school of description without planned significance, and of incident recorded only because it happens, is sensational, and challenges cleverness in words, they indubitably belong.

John O'Hara, an accomplished short-story writer, is the last recruit, in a first novel called "Appointment in Samarra," which title is an allusion to the old Eastern story of a man who runs from Death to find him waiting elsewhere. It is not a

(*Continued on page* 55)

Youth and Poetry

BY LEE WILSON DODD

BE not deceived by a title so gay, charming, and springlike! Youth at the moment, intelligent youth, is filled with grave doubts as to the value of poetry, particularly of romantic poetry. Is it a true thing?—they are inclined to ask themselves, and also (more awkwardly for the academic mind) to ask their teachers. For, their questions imply, if poetry be not a true thing, but merely an alluding thing, ought we not to rid our minds of it once for all? Isn't poetry—romantic poetry—just a seductive hocus-pocus, delightful enough perhaps as an emotional plaything, yet essentially trivial, and really dangerous (a foe to any final integrity of thought) when it persuades us to take it seriously?

Intelligent youngsters nowadays are nothing if not serious. No doubt they have reason to be. Their fathers and mothers are not leaving them a world that is a going concern. The too complicated machinery has broken down, and no amount of oiling or tinkering, apparently, is ever to make it function again. Very likely the whole works will have to be scrapped, an entirely new and enormously expensive installation created and tuned-up to a different rhythm. The inheritors of a bankrupt firm cannot be expected to approach their necessary tasks in a spirit of graceful levity.

Has poetry, they demand, anything to tell them that they ought now—in these years of crisis—to find time to listen to? Will not science give them better answers to everything, or almost everything, that it is vital for them to understand?

Before entering upon the fundamental philosophical problems which these questions inevitably raise, it may be amusing, and instructive, to note some of the immediate woes of a contemporary teacher of English literature.

Before the war, if there was one period of English poetry which a teacher could count upon to enlist the enthusiasm of his students, it was the so-called Romantic Period. One worried along as best one could through the neo-classic poets of the early and middle years of the eighteenth century; it was rough, dull going under gray skies, but at least there was sunshine ahead—with Wordsworth's daffodils dancing beside their lake, Shelley's skylark singing, and the strange beauty of La Belle Dame Sans Merci luring us into realms of shuddering enchantment. Alas—whither is fled the visionary gleam? "I can't bear that poem about the daffodils!"

A moment, please. There. I am calm again.

"You don't like it?"

"No. Wordsworth's so smug about his old daffodils. I've nothing against daffodils, they're all right in themselves—but Wordsworth seems to imply that just because they made *him* feel happy and pious, everybody ought to get up and shout 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!' He's trying to convert me with his old daffodils, and it makes me tired."

Another student had been reading "The Village," by George Crabbe, that odd amalgam of eighteenth century diction and modern hard-headed realism. She was "crazy about it."

"Why does nobody ever get up and cheer about *him!*" she said. "He's a lot better than Wordsworth. He didn't lie about life."

He didn't lie about life . . . There you have, I submit, the clear, central objection of present-day intelligent youth to the poetry of the Romantic School. It was an escape from the actual, from fact. And they have less and less patience with it.

This student had been genuinely moved by and had marked in her copy of "The Village" such lines as these:

I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.
Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his, that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand.

Or these, of the poor house:

There, where the putrid vapors, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

"But," I ventured to respond, "Wordsworth, after all, never shut his eyes to the misery of the world. Almost all the stories he tells are tragic stories of broken lives, of the wretchedly poor. Think of Lucy Gray, of Michael, of the Leech Gatherer—"

"Oh yes," she said, "but he's always escaping from the consequences of all that by running away to his rainbows and cuckoos and things for intimations of immortality. He never really faces life—

This Week

THIS TOO
By MARIE LUHRS

THE REBEL RAIDER
By HOWARD SWIGGETT
Reviewed by A. Howard Meneely

A HISTORY OF MODERN CULTURE
By PRESERVED SMITH
Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott

HARVEST IN THE NORTH
By JAMES L. HODSON
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

DREAM AND ACTION
By LEONARD BACON
Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, MORALIST
By CHARLES WILLIAM HENDEL
Reviewed by Matthew Josephson

E. NESBIT
By EARL WALBRIDGE

Next Week or Later

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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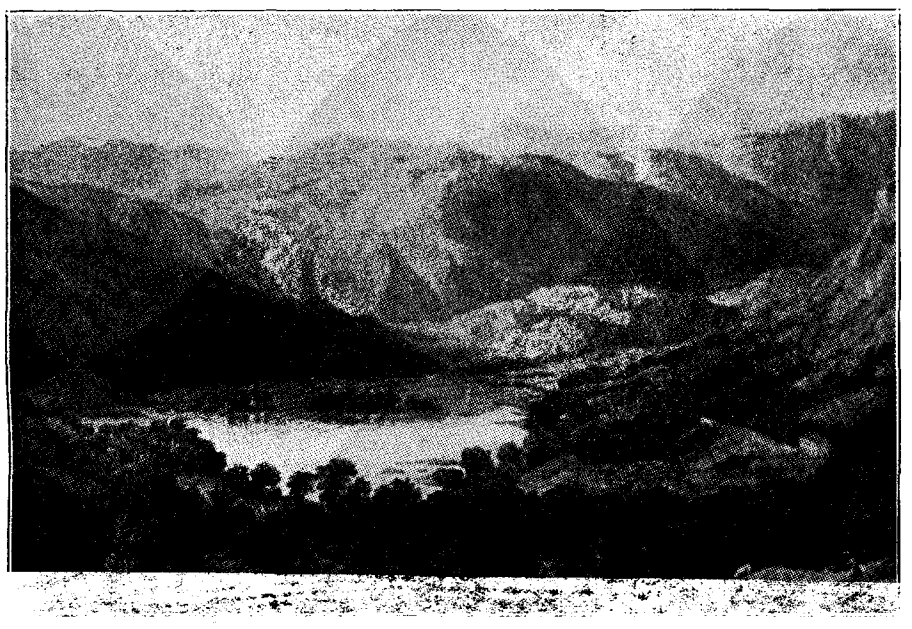
well, like Thomas Hardy. Keats doesn't either. Keats just says, I'm going to eat all the candy I can get hold of—and lets it go at that. I like Byron better than Keats, even if he doesn't write so beautifully. I think parts of 'Don Juan' are swell."

We are entering a new age. Is it necessarily a more enlightened age? That remains to be discussed—philosophically—and at some length.

The first comment I wish to make is, that these youngsters have a deal to say of Truth (their tone implying the capital), and little or nothing to say of Beauty; nor would they, I am certain, agree with Keats that they are in any sense interchangeable expressions. Their approach to poetry, in other words, is not primarily an esthetic approach. They are not, for the most part, particularly interested in "pure" poetry—that is, poetry disentangled from a criticism of life and content merely to give gracious form through linked images to emotional sensibilities. Such a poem, for example, as "The Lady of the Land," from "The Earthly Paradise" of William Morris, gives but very mild pleasure to intelligent members of the rising generation—



if it does not definitely annoy them by its decorative futility. Or if this narrative poem be considered too languid an instance of pure poetry, I could equally well have chosen more modern and precious examples. The point is, that poetry as pure art, divorced from social, ethical, or philosophical implications, stripped of ideas applicable to life, makes little appeal to the rising generation.

Poetry as a fine art suffers, perhaps, from an incurable defect, which is inherent in its medium—language. It is impossible to use words (even extreme experimenters like Gertrude Stein have found it to be so) without stating or implying ideas about life, a philosophical viewpoint, a criticism of man and nature, of the universal complex. It takes no very profound insight to read between the lines, or words, of even the purest poetry. A personal attitude toward the cosmos always reveals itself, and immediately (however irrelevantly) raises the unesthetic, because ethical or philosophical, inquiry—But is *this* poet's attitude after all the best attitude, the right attitude? Is it in harmony with human knowledge? Is it, briefly, a true thing? Such questions, though important in themselves, are but red herrings drawn across the purely esthetic trail. We would follow the flying feet of Beauty, and we are turned aside to pant after the heels of Truth.

I submit, then, with apologies to the Croceans, that poetry never exists in even an approximately pure state; and I add to this, that the purer it becomes, the thinner and weaker it becomes. For poetry, when full bodied, is a mixed art—inextricably entangled with language, which is itself inextricably entangled with human attitudes and opinions. Poets are not merely makers, and cannot be; they are also sooth-sayers, or sayers, at least, of whatever for the time being seems to them sooth. A judgment as to the poet's wisdom is implicit in every honest criticism of a given poem. And this is no more than the common sense of the race has hitherto, with sporadic exceptions, agreed to.

But however this may be, of one thing I am certain: the instinctive practice (whatever the theories) of the young people in my classrooms is to apply first to poetry the test of truth. Or, rather, the test of what (as things stand in the world) they have come to regard as probably true. For, in general, intelligent contemporary youth has given its full trust to contemporary science.

It would be unprofitable to discuss, in less than a closely reasoned and faithfully documented volume, all that this full trust in contemporary science implies. But one thing contemporary science, at least, will grant me that it implies: a strong bias in favor of knowledge gained through observation and verification; an equally strong bias against alleged supernal "knowledge" gained through personal intuition, inspiration, or mystical states of mind. And just here we find ourselves separated by a deep gulf from the world of only yesterday—from the world, among other worlds, for example, of romantic feeling—from the world, to make our example specific, of that romantic poet, prophet, and philosopher, Mr. William Wordsworth, so smug and earnest about "his old daffodils."

Whatever else Wordsworth's romantic poetry may have been, it was unquestionably a revolt of his heart against his head. And this is in general true, I think, of all romantic poetry, which has a diffused mysticism as its life-blood; it is essentially the romantic attitude toward life. From the strongly symbolized affirmations of Blake to the paler visions of A.E. this mood of revolt, of the heart warring against the head, is unchanged. Wordsworth, in the Godwinian period of his youth, had thought his way stubbornly through to atheism; he could not rest there, in that emotional desert; his whole being was dessicated, starved. There is nothing lovelier, more directly touching, nor perhaps more unscientific, in his many pages than his description of how Dorothy, his sister—"like a brook that did but *cross* a lonely road"—lured him from that desert and "whispered still that brightness would return." It did return—return with "his old daffodils," among other possibly more impressive "intimations."

> Nature's self,
> By all varieties of human love
> Assisted, led me back through opening day . . .
> Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now . . .

But it does not uphold our modern youth.

Nor are these intelligent young people much impressed by another view of poetry now being propagated by certain critics whose chief interests are psychological. Mr. I. A. Richards, of Cambridge University, may perhaps be selected as the leader of this rather desperate school of critical thought. Mr. Richards, eager to retain a niche for poetry within the technological museum of science, has decided that poetry may be saved, but only if we are enlightened enough to regard it instrumentally—as an efficacious if somewhat primitive means for keeping our always primitive and irrational emotions in order. Poetry is *not* a true thing, but in our present chaotic state it is psychologically useful—or might become so, if only we could learn to use it and not to abuse it. What we must cautiously guard against is any tendency to accept its statements or implications as having more than a provisional validity. All statements in poetry of a philosophical or mystical character are, necessarily (Mr. Richards asserts), pseudo-statements—that is to say, they cannot be submitted to logical analysis or verification, for they are inevitably but the expression of emotional attitudes.

> On the whole [he writes] true statements are of more service to us than false ones. None the less we do not and, at present, cannot order our emotions and attitudes by true statements alone. Nor is there any probability that we ever shall contrive to do so . . . Countless pseudo-statements—about God, about the universe, about human nature, the relations of mind to mind, about the soul, its rank and destiny—pseudo-statements which are pivotal points in the organization of the mind, vital to its well-being, have suddenly become . . . impossible to believe. For centuries they have been believed; now they are gone . . . This is the contemporary situation. The remedy . . . is to cut our pseudo-statements free from belief, and yet retain them, in this released state, as the main instruments by which we order our attitudes to one another and to the world. Not so desperate a remedy as may appear.

To me, however, it seems pretty desperate; and I am impressed also by the fact that it strikes many intelligent youngsters as desperate—an attempt by Mr. Richards to run with the hare (poetry) while hunting with the hounds of science. To cut our pseudo-statements free from any belief in them, yet to retain them as instruments for organizing our emotional responses to life, is a species of psychological jugglery which does not appeal to straight-shooting youth. They apparently desire their world to be of one piece; they want the realm of art to correspond to the realm of acceptable knowledge. Not, of course, that they wish the arts confined to the literal; but they do, I think, wish the stated or suggested philosophy back of their present conceptions of what is true, hence they turn from it. They will not trouble themselves to cut its pseudo-statements free from belief. Wordsworth's vision of nature as the beneficent healer of sick souls, tranquillizing them, purifying them, and leading them home to God, merely strikes them as silly. They can no longer *use* that sort of nonsense; they are simply not interested in so alien a point of view. "Oh, it's all right if you can take it that way," would perhaps be a fair summing up of their uncompromising attitude.

Being myself (with rather frequent lapses into scepticism) a transcendentalist and qualified romantic, you will hardly expect me to accept this position—although, frankly, I prefer it to the position of Mr. Richards, which I fear will not long prove tenable. The youngsters, at least, are asking for a poetry that will bear thorough examination and not let them down. I am convinced, however, that their present approach to poetry (if it gain, as it well may, general acceptance) threatens poetry itself with a long eclipse.

And, in this connection, I am particularly interested in an admission of Mr. Richards's—an admission which seems to me to hold in suspense the future of poetry. In the quotation given above he speaks of pseudo-statements (about God, about the universe, about human nature, the soul, its rank and destiny, etc.)—"pseudo-statements *which are pivotal points in the organization of the mind, vital to its well-being . . .*" These statements, he adds, have now finally failed us. "They are gone, irrecoverably . . ." But are they? Will the mind of man, however scientifically conditioned, finally relinquish those spiritual intuitions which are pivotal in its higher organization and vital to its well-being? Is it not more probable that intuitions, aspirations, faiths, which (though "unverifiable") are for ever found necessary to the central health, the creative vitality of the mind and of Man considered as a brotherhood, a Great Society—is it not, I say, more probable that these unverifiable, because transcendental, assumptions will quietly maintain themselves? I think that it is more probable. I think that what Mr. Richards calls the "Magical View" of life will eventually, in a purified form, become also the Logical View of life, and that our meaningless division between the scrupulous curiosity of the Head and the (if you will) unscrupulous desires of the Heart must at last be reconciled. I am well aware that I shall be laughed at, or merely pitied, for so madly optimistic an assertion. But I am content to take my stand here with those despised intuitionists, the romantic poets.

> Here must thou be, O Man!
> Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou here;
> Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
> No other can divide with thee this work:
> No secondary hand can intervene
> To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,
> The prime and vital principle is thine
> In the recesses of thy nature, far
> From any reach of outward fellowship,
> Else is not thine at all.

But the youngsters are not ready yet for this ancient and revolutionary doctrine. [illegible] intuitions of its saints and poets, this intention of theirs can only lead finally, after many and doubtless tragic years, to a holding fast to that which is good. We are either chance creatures in an indifferent universe, or we are not. If we are not, the FACT will eventually appear. Meanwhile, the minor fact of the perpetual recurrence of romantic poetry in a prosaic and distressful world is at least to be considered. Wordsworth's old daffodils may have faded, and may soon be forgotten; but they are likely to revive. The threatened divorce between youth and poetry is but a lovers' quarrel; they will discover again, after a period of alienation and sulkiness, that they cannot live happily, successfully, apart.

* *

This article, found by his executors among the papers of the late Lee Wilson Dodd, was intended as a successor to an essay of his in The Atlantic Monthly *which aroused considerable discussion at the time of its appearance. Written probably about a year before his death, it embodies the results of his observations in several colleges and universities.*

This Too

By MARIE LUHRS

AND this same beastly flesh eager to quiver
With passions of its own delight,
And in the motions of the dance to shiver
To music beating in the night.

This same flesh avid to absorb its food,
Drink wine and kisses with its mouth,
Draw the breathing of spring into its blood,
Sleep in the languor of the south,—

This same flesh warmed, caressed, rested, and fed
Has something too within that dreams
Of circles completed beyond the dead
And loveliness that only seems,

Of music in the blowing universe,
And nymphs in rhythm of the ocean
And flower love innocent of the curse
Of flesh and all its selfish motion.

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Conspiracy, Drama and Fiasco

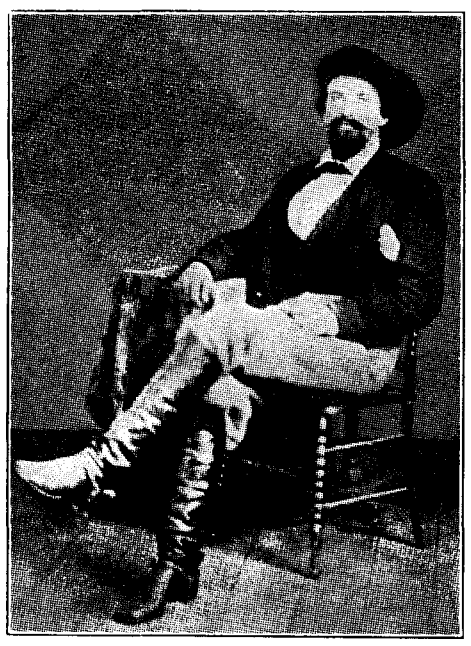
THE REBEL RAIDER: A Life of John Hunt Morgan. By Howard Swiggett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

MR. SWIGGETT began his study of General Morgan with the conviction that his subject was a hero: he ended by turning out a rather devastating presentation of the man and his work. A relentless pursuit of the facts and an objective interpretation of them appear to have left him no alternative.

Previous accounts of the famous Confederate raider have been devoted primarily to a narrative of his military exploits. The present volume does not neglect them, but they are, on the whole, subordinated to an analysis of the gradual disintegration of the commander himself and to an attempt to present the relation of his movements to the conspiracy to annex to the Confederacy the states of the old Northwest. Viewed historically, the chief value of the book lies in its contribution to the political aspects of the war, but the general reader will find in Mr. Swiggett's pages plenty of drama and romance artfully related, for the last year of Morgan's life was crowded with strange and perplexing episodes. The author has had to assume the roles of detective and cross-examiner as well as that of the calm historical inquirer.

The full story of the Copperhead Conspiracy in the Northwest and Jefferson Davis's part in it have never been told, and perhaps never can be. Because of the destruction of many of the records of secret societies in the states bordering on the Ohio River and many of those of the Confederate Government, and the resolute efforts of Davis up to the time of his death to seal the lips of those who might have spoken, researchers like Mr. Swiggett have met insuperable obstacles in their attempts to reveal the whole of what lay behind the mysterious movements of the principals and their agents. Mr. Swiggett has, however, uncovered sufficient evidence to make quite clear that Morgan's famous raid into Indiana and Ohio in July, 1863, and his sally into Kentucky in 1864 were in intent more than strict military operations or mere ravaging expeditions: they were part of the design of the Richmond hierarchy and the Copperhead plotters, each for particular ends, to embarrass the Union cause. That their sundry efforts ended in fiasco was perhaps inevitable; the persistence with which Davis and a small coterie in his confidence pursued them from late in 1862 to the last months of the Confederacy is, however, indicative of the very real significance that Davis attached to the possibilities of an uprising engineered by Northern malcontents and backed by Southern cavalry.



JOHN HUNT MORGAN

Some of the men whom Davis employed in the negotiations apparently were master-workmen in the fine art of political intrigue, but in General Morgan he had a poor military accomplice. Like the inept Copperheads, he seemed unable to "deliver the goods" when the critical moments came. It appears that he was brought into the delicate business about the time he began to lose the mastery of himself. Although Morgan had given promise of fine military aptitude in a subordinate position during the first year or so in the field, the author points out that when the yearning to "act independently," coupled with a certain mutinous quality, overcame him he disclosed that he had little capacity for true leadership in martial affairs. Whatever talents he did have seemed to shrink and wither when he was freed from the close surveillance of department commanders. During the months immediately preceding his northern raid in 1863, Mr. Swiggett detects the beginning in Morgan of "a subtle decay of will," a decay that was steadily to pursue him and finally to destroy his usefulness. As his troops traversed Indiana and Ohio he allowed them to get out of hand; they became a reckless mob of looters and pillagers, sparing Copperheads no more than Unionists, with the consequence that whatever scheme was afoot was ruined in the wake of their disorderly advance. The capture, imprisonment, and escape, which are vividly described, were followed by new assignments and new disasters. The general himself, Mr. Swiggett believes, was going to pieces mentally, and his men were utterly undisciplined. Death at the hands of a Unionist attacking party, following a mysterious betrayal, spared Morgan from a court of inquiry requested by his own officers.

To trace the rapid decline of the general's fortunes as a commander in the field from the beginning of 1863 is not a particularly difficult task: the reports and dispatches are available, and the author has used them to good effect. But as to the precise forces within the man, "behind the military mask, the gold braid and plume," that contributed to the decline,—that is another and far more perplexing matter. Mr. Swiggett has striven conscientiously to reveal them and, so far as discernible at all, they are summed up in his conclusion: "The tragedy of his life is not the sudden mortality that overtook it, but the fact that rebellion and disunity within himself so filled his soul that all his powers were nullified."

* *

A. Howard Meneely, a member of the department of history of Dartmouth College, is a specialist in Civil War history.

The Vulgar School

(Continued from first page)

good title, for the Jul[illegible] agent, of this novel, [illegible] from death but only [illegible] and physical disintegration. The scene is the small town which these novelists have created out of the vices of the age and their own vivid but limited experience—shallow, feverish, greedy, envious, lustful, and superficially good-natured. There is more than one plane—gangsters, bootleggers, prostitutes, and pimps, live on, and by, and sometimes with the country-club set, which in its turn has its upper plane of secure families to which Julian and his clever, instinctive, and quite rudderless wife Caroline belong. And this rather simple complex is vigorously and sometimes brilliantly described, for O'Hara, like all the Hergesheimerians, can write, and his lack of inhibitions and his still greater lack of interest in values provide opportunities ably taken for conversations of a sensational intimacy and descriptions of things which a few years ago we might have said were "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Nor has the lesson of the master's antiquarianism been forgotten, though its application is changed. The dialogue is racy and real, as collectible as those dialects which philologists are now recording on the phonograph for the benefit of posterity—and Mr. O'Hara has collected it. No writ runs against his skill here. Such craftsmanship is laudable, however it is used.

Yet it is only craftsmanship. Mr. O'Hara sees his Gibbsville as another Zenith, but there is no satire in his seeing. One characteristic unites all his characters (with one minor exception). They have no values. They are all rudderless, and morally the most satisfactory of them is the gangsters' wop, Al Grecco, who is blissfully unaware of any values but his loins and stomach. He at least rebels when his boss impugns his relations with his mother, but one feels that no one else in this town can really be insulted. They can be stirred to revenge or revengeful profit, but they can't be insulted, not even Caroline whose husband shames her twice in public, because they have no inner life, not even any emotional fixity, and little self-respect. They are all products of behaviorism, and conscious only of their immediate environment. They remember the books they read only when they have heard something about the author.

I am supplying the elementary philosophy in these remarks. There is no evidence that Mr. O'Hara is interested in it, or aware of it. His concern is with the surfaces he does so well. He ranges his characters on their planes as Hergesheimer puts his early American gin bottles on their respective shelves in a collector's study. He watches them drink, fornicate, hears them blab and wisecrack, and sets it all down as it happened, though in a skilful order.

But—and this is the point of this attack upon a well-written and interesting novel—they are all empty gin bottles, there is no meaning to any of them except a sociological importance if and when they can be proved to be accurate studies of the contemporary American and not a sensationalist's half truths. And hence since there are no values (not even bad values on the upper plane) in their lives, but only behavior, the novelist by a logical process which even Bulwer Lytton would have understood, is forced, in order to make these characters interesting, to go the limit (I choose his favorite sexual phrase) in his reporting of their lives, which otherwise would seem and be trivial beyond words. For these people are not witty, not very wicked, not strong, not tragically weak, not interestingly erotic or neurotic, not wise certainly, not any[illegible] but commonplace unless the author lives.

Hence there is a thoroughgoing vulgarity in this book, characteristic of its class, which is a symptom of a lack of knowledge of the novelist's real art. I do not refer to indecency, which is often, though of course not always, the salt of a true and strong story. I mean an insufferable vulgarity, which has crept into so many of our supposedly advanced novels that someone not squeamish, nor unread in earlier literatures, must protest against what is cheapening American fiction. If these writers have been unfortunate in growing up in a demoralized age, that is no excuse for making what they call art out of plumbing. Satire, yes; but they are innocent of satire. They write as if manners and hypocrisy were synonymous, as if it were a rare and delectable pleasure after years of suppression to hear a husband, whom they present as a type of the American educated class, call his wife whore and bitch on the way home from a dance, with no more excuse for himself than having been drunk and insulting to a man he did not really believe was her lover. They write (as in this novel) as if the existence of water closets was unknown and must be specified whenever the text gives an opportunity. They collect dirty language as Hergesheimer collects details of an iron forge or ladies' dresses in 1907, and display it with a collector's enthusiasm. But far more offensive than these schoolboy manners is the essential vulgarity of the people and the scene, where, by a sadistic reversal of social pride, the evidence of any feeling for the sensitivity of others, of any self-respect, makes its tiny appearances only as one moves down the scale to small-time garage assistants and the hard-boiled of the underworld. When Al Grecco is called a double-crosser and "you dirty, lousy mother——bastard," he strikes back. Caroline, hysterical after her husband's suicide, has the news broken to her by her father-in-law, who was certainly not responsible. "God damn all of you!" this first lady of Gibbsville responds. "Ah, go away. . . . You pompous old man. . . . Yaah.

JOHN O'HARA

Your only son. Well, he never liked you." It is irrelevant to remark that one prefers Al Grecco. The point is that whatever Caroline may have felt, may have been, it is only her essential vulgar commonness that is sensational enough to win a place in the moment of tragedy. She had nothing else.

"She only knew," the author says of Caroline, "that Gibbsville was her home town, but it or the people who lived in it certainly were not worth writing about." They are worth writing about, but not this way, not with all this expenditure of real ability, real skill in reproducing life. They have been debunked sufficiently from the standards of Booth Tarkington, Howells, and even Kathleen Norris. Nothing remains on this line except to satisfy a mean curiosity as to how weak, dirty, abusive, and sexually provocative these drifters can be. That is a job for a satirist, not for a novelist, at least not for a good novelist. Unless, indeed, vulgarity is to be the new social ideal, and the next Bulwer Lyttons, instead of setting fashions in waistcoats, propose to bring into the mode a wit based [illegible] false teeth and throw empty bottles, and ladies tripping down from the lavatory to the ball room are pursued sexually by gentlemen who do not dare to compete with the gangsters for the real prostitutes, and a conversation as vapid and as formless ethically as a feeble-minded addict's just escaped from Welfare Island.

What has happened to these young Americans? Do they think that living in a country the most vigorous, the most complex, the most problematical, the most interesting bar none in the world, we are going to be content with sour pap like this? And the tragedy is that they are clever; if they could see, they could write. There is more fresh observation in one of their novels than in a dozen of the English stereotypes. Are they green? Are they sadistic? Are they uneducated? Are they misled? Or is this the last phase of Hergesheimerianism, accurate paintings in two dimensions of a society that to them is only skin deep? It makes one long for the good old days of the Restoration when in a literature equally thin, equally without values, equally unrepresentative of what was happening in society at large, and far more wittily erotic, one encountered sometimes a Millimaunt and felt the saving presence of a beauty that certainly never waved its wings over Gibbsville. But it is not only beauty to which the school of smart vulgarity is blind.

According to a recent Associated Press dispatch Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit are to be perpetuated in bronze and marble. The old Negro character in Joel Chandler Harris's stories for children is to be the central figure in a memorial to the Georgia author. The memorial is to be erected in Piedmont Park with funds to be raised by a State-wide subscription campaign. The sculpture is to be the work of Dr. Joseph Klein.

* *

Emil Ludwig's German property, which was confiscated by the Nazi Secret Police in 1933, was not long ago returned to him as a result of representations from the Swiss authorities.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 5.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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The Burden On Critics

We mean by critics, the journalists of literature. It has occurred to us once again to put in a word for the majority of these American critics, in the face of much dissatisfaction evinced both on the part of contemporary authors and the general public with their pronouncements. For, really, sometimes it seems to us extraordinary that they do as good a job as they do.

Never, in the history of the world, it seems to us, has there been a time when it was easier to get any sort of material published and distributed to the press and to those journals that have a department devoted to literary criticism or specialize in such analysis. The multiplicity of present-day books has, perhaps, been commented upon *ad nauseam*, but it, nevertheless, remains a fact. And yet, somehow, in the course of a year nearly all of the books that deserve special mention receive such mention; and, in general, such books as are ephemeral or negligible are consigned to the regions where they belong. The resources of publicity and advertising have, moreover, increased to such large proportions that anyone attempting criticism of current books has constantly to take into consideration, weigh, and approve or discard, the impressions made upon him by the constant ballyhoo heralding the appearance of any volume a publisher wishes to sell—and what volume, naturally, does a publisher not wish to sell? "It was not," as the old song says, "like that in the olden days. It was not like that at all." The publication of a book was a far more difficult matter, the number of books was far less, the process of exploitation of books was in its infancy. Moreover, the profession of critic was taken far more seriously by all concerned.

At this point we wish to pay our compliments to the daily press and to say that in our opinion, in New York at least, the mental calibre of the men regularly winnowing contemporary writing for the newspapers seems to us large and their integrity of purpose manifest. They make mistakes, as we all do. Their enthusiasms run away with them or their prejudices occasionally blind their vision. But the task laid upon the conductor of a literary column in a newspaper is one as onerous as that of any work in the world. He must read an unusually large number of books every week and yet maintain an independent viewpoint and, most of all, avoid stale phrases and keep his writing so vivid and fresh from day to day that his readers continue to turn to him for entertainment and counsel. The work of the editor of a weekly literary supplement is also incessant. There it is a question of allocating to the proper reviewers a multiplicity of books with constant regard for release-dates and the effort to review promptly; not to speak of the editing of copy and the problems of proportional space in make-up. In view of these difficulties it seems remarkable to us that there is not much more slipshod and publisher-influenced work than there is. When we say "publisher-influenced" we do not wish to be misunderstood. It is the publisher's business to spread all the information possible concerning a new book and its author, and the majority of publishers do not undertake a book unless they feel there is a demand for it and that it rather strikingly fulfils that demand. They may be wrong—but they would be very bad business men indeed if it did not seem to them to have, at least, that *raison d'être*. Their advertising and publicity naturally present the book in the very best light, and they are usually perfectly sincere in so presenting it. But with all this material concerning the book available, it is to the credit of the professional press reviewers that so seldom, comparatively, do they lean upon the copious estimates and outlines the publisher has prepared for them.

In the several most recent instances where we have heard adverse comments upon newspaper critics, whatever was to be said about their judgment of a particular book, it was obvious that that judgment was their own, the result of their own likes or dislikes and not of surrendering to influence. There have been rare occasions in the past when slips have been made. And we certainly have no intention of holding up metropolitan newspaper critics as paragons, an honor they would be the last to take to themselves. But take them by and large—and they are a pretty honest lot.

That there are many bad reviews of books, inadequately informed, badly written, estimates in which the work under consideration has been hardly digested or misunderstood — that there are such we should not attempt to deny. Every week in weekly publications, whether newspaper supplements or departments in weeklies of a general type, or in such journals as our own, the multiplicity of books and the necessity of finding reviewers for all that may presumably be of any importance, begets a percentage of bad reviews. Authors who suffer from such have, as they say, "a case" against the publications in which they appear. But if one compares that percentage with the total number of reviews appearing every week we believe it will be found to be extraordinarily small.

We have written this merely to dress, as we see it, the balance which seems to be weighted at present against current criticism, the kind that those who run—or hurry from trains in the morning and back to them at night—are reading in a city like ours. And we write only for our own city. Finally, to touch upon a frequent charge, it seems to us that, considering the facilities for the fostering of cliques in New York, the clique spirit in regard to literary criticism, while undoubtedly present in certain quarters, has really been reduced to the minimum in those literary journals and departments at all worth reading. Once in a while it springs up like a noxious weed, but its flourishing is brief.

Let us both demand and welcome better journalistic criticism than we feel we have at present; but let us not lose sight of the worth in that which we have. It can do no harm to be fair.

An English committee, composed of J. M. Barrie, E. V. Lucas, and Edmund Blunden, have sent out an appeal to the English-speaking world in behalf of the Elian Society for funds to raise a memorial to Charles Lamb, the centenary of whose death falls on the twenty-seventh of December of this year. Donations may be sent to the Lamb Centenary Memorial Fund, 337 King's Road, Chelsea, London, S. W. 3.

"TAKE A BIT OF HUXLEY, AND SOME OF SHAW, WITH JUST A DASH OF RABELAIS, AND YOU HAVE ME."

To the Editor: *A Chronic Condition of Younger Generations*

The Lost Generation Again

SIR:—It is at least interesting that Mr. De Voto never writes a line for the *Saturday Review* without raising such vital issues that it takes weeks for the disturbance he always makes to die down. Now with his recent review of Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" he has again stirred discussion.

This whole business of a lost generation is very suspect. Has it ever occurred to some of the writers who have protested against Mr. De Voto's sanity that every generation has been a lost generation? Some time back young Matthew Arnold, for example, proclaimed himself a member of a lost generation and at that, undoubtedly showed himself more astute than most of his contemporaries in realizing that his generation was not aware of itself. Has any generation been really cognizant of its position? Has any generation been able to diagnose its ailments and include an honest prognosis in its achievements? Is every generation which is faced with a particularly complex and tragic problem most especially lost? I should be interested in these finer nuances of meaning if there is someone subtle enough to make them clear.

Mr. Prior made a bad error when he became confused to such an extent that he called this year's graduating classes a lost generation, for this year's graduating classes do not belong to Mr. Cowley's generation which, we are told, was also lost. I begin to suspect that in the midst of losses we are all lost if the fact that we do not have prophetic vision is counted against us.

MADELINE REEDER.

Ogden, Utah.

Unknown Whitman Material

SIR:—In the course of my work on the cheap literature of the United States including such subjects usually overlooked by historians as dime novels, newspaper poetry and advertising, early humor, and those who figured in these subjects, I came across some unknown Walt Whitman material.

I discovered that Whitman had been a contributor to *Life Illustrated* during 1854-57 and had written many articles that no one has ever commented on. Three articles are definitely Whitman's:

1—The Opera (not signed but proved to be his through a manuscript in the Library of Congress).

2—America's Mightiest Inheritance (signed).

3—Voltaire (signed), and others.

The issues of *Life Illustrated,* which was published by Whitman's friends, Fowlers & Wells, also throw light on "Leaves of Grass" first and second editions, and contain a remarkable tribute by Fanny Fern (Mrs. James Parton) to Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Some biographers of Whitman say she was one of his early sweethearts.

Professor Emory Holloway and myself are now collaborating and have been at work for some time on a book relating to this new material and shall expect to have the new discovery placed before the public shortly. The book will cover Whitman's work on *Life Illustrated,* 1854-57, plus some new material discovered elsewhere.

RALPH ADMARI.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Concerning the Conway Cabal

In connection with a study of the Conway Cabal which I am writing, I should greatly appreciate information concerning any letters, not already printed or in public collections, written during the years 1776, 1777, or 1778 by, to, or about General Thomas Mifflin or Dr. Benjamin Rush, both of Philadelphia, who, I think, were unjustly accused by Washington of conspiring to oust him from command.

BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG.

Box 25, East Harwich, Mass.

Not So Bad, Mr. Nathan

SIR:—Was prophecy quite so "dangerous" as your correspondent in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* insists? Contemplate the first paragraph which she quotes from my volume, "Art of the Night,"

> For if the vitaphone or its like is ever adopted generally by the movies it will not be long before the galleries of the legitimate theatres are again filled with the class who deserted them some years ago for the films,

and consider the recent enormously increased theatre trade. Contemplate, as well, her second quoted paragraph,

> If the vitaphone were to stick to words of one syllable, the movies might use it to some advantage. That is possible. But the moment it went in for words of two or, on gala occasions, three, Mr. Adolph Zukor would have to sell his twelve Rolls-Royces and 82-carat diamond suspender buckles, learn English, and go back to work,

and then be good enough to read the Paramount Company's bankruptcy proceedings, and the present financial condition of Mr. Adolph Zukor.

Was Mr. Nathan right or wrong?

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

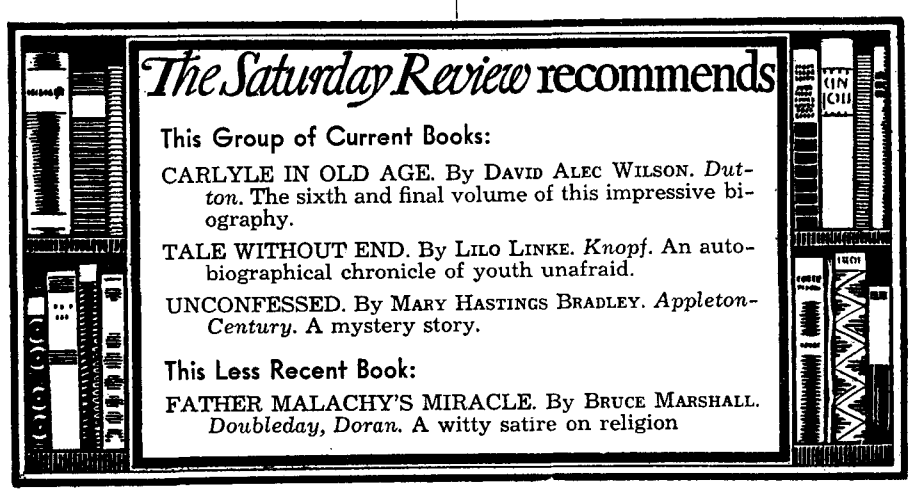
New York City.

Rose Terry Cooke

SIR:—Would any of your readers be willing to contribute any letters or anecdotes which they may have concerning Rose Terry Cooke, the New England author, whose biography I am writing? These would be greatly appreciated.

KATHERINE I. TRESS

235 E. 57 St.,
New York City.


The Saturday Review recommends
This Group of Current Books:
CARLYLE IN OLD AGE. By DAVID ALEC WILSON. Dutton. The sixth and final volume of this impressive biography.
TALE WITHOUT END. By LILO LINKE. Knopf. An autobiographical chronicle of youth unafraid.
UNCONFESSED. By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. Appleton-Century. A mystery story.
This Less Recent Book:
FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. By BRUCE MARSHALL. Doubleday, Doran. A witty satire on religion

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The Age of Enlightenment

A HISTORY OF MODERN CULTURE. II: The Enlightenment. By Preserved Smith. New York, Henry Holt & Co. 1934. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

WHEN, some four years ago, Professor Smith published the first volume of his "History of Modern Culture," it was apparent that we had begun that approach to a real history of modern civilization, or what some prefer to call society, which had been so long heralded, and in which our expectations had been so often disappointed by various books which professed to deal with that subject. The impression made by this, his second volume, "The Age of Enlightenment," serves to strengthen that earlier conviction. The fruit of extraordinarily wide reading, of ripe scholarship, and of a high degree of intelligence in handling such a vast and complex mass of materials, it gives us a conspectus of the intellectual progress of the modern world such as we have seldom, if ever, been offered before. It is, in the better sense of the word, "encyclopedic"; and, in the best sense, "academic." Moreover, the author's sense of proportion, of humor, and his wide interests, as well as his style, prevent it from being what it might so easily have been—that is to say dull. In one sense it is not easy reading in the present meaning of that word. It is not journalistic. Its very scope and sweep prevent it from rivalling the triumphs of less informed and less capable popular writers. But it has the enormous advantage over them of eschewing fictional methods on the one side and statistical methods on the other. It reveals a mind actively at work.

It has, further, one other quality which differentiates it from most of what is known as social history. It attacks the problem from the top and not from the middle or the bottom. It is essentially what is known as "intellectual," and it may be that there lies in this its difference from what is so often called "social history." It is called a "History of Culture," that is to say, the intellectual triumphs and advance of mankind, the mental growth and achievements of the western European world, rather than the habits of the human animal. It is not much concerned with politics; and, since our developments in politics have fallen so far short of the advances in science and invention in recent years, that may be natural. It is not even much concerned with what men ate and drank and wore during the period which it covers, and though these, we are informed by prophets of the gastronomic, potatory, and sartorial schools of historical writing, are the true materials for historiography, that is just as well. It has to do somewhat with manners and customs, humanitarian impulses and the lack of them, and many like phenomena. It has to do with modern prose style, with poetry and drama, with propaganda, religion, and skepticism and superstition, with art and music, with scholarship and with historiography. It has a long chapter on political and economic theory; and another on philosophy.

But it begins with three chapters on science which fill nearly a fourth of the volume, and throughout it echoes that motif in infinite variations. That is a natural and obvious result of the impact of science and mechanism on the modern mind; and the very title, "The Enlightenment," reveals the all but universal belief of modern times that our age has at last thrown off the shackles of the past and is ruled by reason. It has, the more cynical of its critics may proclaim, only exchanged a theological for a scientific superstition; or, if you like, a pleasant uncertainty for a rather unpleasant certainty—which is not so much of a certainty as it was once conceived. But among all the amazing things about this development, the most amazing is the slight attention paid to the history of science until recently. That, among other things, Professor Smith has embarked upon, and for that we should be grateful to him.

If there is a fault in his book, it is, in a sense, the fault of his material. It is so vast in amount, so various in character, so complex in its manifestations, that to steer a reasonably straight course through it is a herculean—or rather a Ulyssean—undertaking. No one who has not tried to find that impossible thing, a definition of calculus, can conceive what it means to handle such materials. Inevitably one tends to catalogue names and achievements. Inevitably he tends to change the subject almost, if not quite, as often as the encyclopedia. Inevitably he finds himself overpowered by the weight of his own knowledge. From those difficulties no such book as this can be altogether free; but Professor Smith has met his problems manfully and has solved most of them; so that his book, however learned, is seldom, if ever, confused or confusing.

He has, moreover, injected into it a number and variety of observations which serve to lighten his pages and bring a lively human element into his narrative. Perhaps, naturally, they have to do a great deal with women, who—again perhaps naturally—play a larger part in the story of this period. "The rise of the modern novel," he says, unexpectedly, "reflects the rise of woman in society. Man's love, verging on brusque lust, had been coarsely or facetiously depicted in Rabelais and Boccaccio. Woman's love, inclining to coy coquetry and long-drawn-out sentimentality, is the theme of most modern novels." And again: "Modern fiction really began, says Edith Wharton, when the action was transferred from the street to the soul." His description of the reward of virtue achieved by Pamela in marriage with "the world's worst cad," may brighten many minds. His quotation of Rousseau's observation to Hume that "the marvels of magic and mythology, of fairies and the heroes of romance, have outlived their credibility, but wonder and astonishment may still be evoked by contradicting the accepted principles of morals and of politics," may sadden others. His description of the botanical and zoölogical work of the Enlightenment as "taxonomical" will puzzle many more.

Logic and Mathematics reconciled through the bitterness of beholding the passionate advances of Bertrand Russell to physics. Reproduced from "Observations," by Max Beerbohm (Doubleday, Doran).

Under the head of Laws, Morals and Manners is grouped another curious and interesting series of observations and quotations, especially on the status of women in the eighteenth century, which not only occupy half a dozen lively pages, but raise a large question of social history. It is always easy to generalize about conditions in the past and to find quotations to support and justify them. But it is dangerous, if entertaining, exercise. One trembles to think what will happen to our own generation at the hands of its historians when subjected to this process. To say that "the Middle Ages were ascetic, romantic, and sacramental," is true enough, no doubt. It is also true to say that they were passionate, realistic, and superstitious. To say that "the Enlightenment . . . carried the hedonistic and sensual view of sex to the highest point known before the twentieth century," leaves out of account the court of Belshazzar, those of certain well, if unfavorably, known later Roman emperors, the medieval courts of love, and various other like phenomena. It is difficult to say whether men and women were more or less sensual in the eighteenth century than in ancient or in medieval times. After all, William the Conqueror, to take one among a multitude, does not seem to prove it. It is a ticklish question, this determination of relative honor and chastity in different ages of the world; especially since some archæologists are now claiming the high morality of cave men. Despite the pronouncements of literary men and the influence of courts, and of human nature outside of courts, the private letters of the Restoration are not notably different from those of the Protectorate; and the Paston letters are not notably different from either. It would be a brave man who ventured to generalize the morals of Great Britain from the courts or characters of George II and George V, or to draw conclusions about the relative morals of the reign of George III and that of Victoria from the writings of John Wesley and those of Oscar Wilde. In fact that is the fundamental difficulty of writing such history, as we have seen in the widely varying estimates of the Puritans themselves.

It needs only a little change of phraseology to turn the picture of the eighteenth century into a not unfair description of our day. "Bands of criminals," says Professor Smith, "roamed the streets of the cities at night. . . . Highwaymen infested the country roads; and some of them, like Gay's MacHeath, were regarded with sentimental fondness by the young women of all classes. . . . Much suffering, orgies of prodigality, losses of fortunes, waves of crime and suicide, followed the stock-gambling manias which then, as now, periodically swept over the world." It is not without interest that we read of the pacifists of the age of Frederick and Catherine whom their subjects called the Great. It is not without interest to see how strangely like our own day was the eighteenth century Age of Enlightenment. And to that great array of gentlemen now engaged in writing the history of the future, we may commend as strongly as we can this story of the origins of the present. Whatever else it does, Professor Smith's admirable volume seems to reveal the truth of the old axiom that the more the world of mankind changes, the more it stays the same in its essential human quality.

* *

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard University.

The Boom, the Slump and Human Nature

HARVEST IN THE NORTH. By James Lansdale Hodson. Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

AS trade has always followed the flag, so recent fiction has been following trade, and this growing preoccupation with the economic trends of our times has found a fine exemplification in Mr. Hodson's novel. The slump which inaugurated the depression in 1929 has found artistic expression in many novels, among which "Love on the Dole" and the more recent "Bitter Bread" presented values that were grounded in human character as well as in economic "laws." Mr. Hodson has examined the boom that preceded the slump, choosing for his representation of its effect in terms of human values, a group of Lancashire men and women ranging from the owners of the mills, the speculators in cotton shares, down through weavers, spinners, furnace-tenders, and cart-men.

Swept along on the crest of the boom, even the workers went in for speculation; men who had wielded pick and shovel for twenty years on end set up for the time-being as brokers, made fabulous sums of money overnight and indulged in an orgy of luxurious living that made up in intensity for what it lacked in duration. The hysteria of easy money was catching; people who had been accustomed to worry about their next crust moved into finer apartments, took vacations; the ordinarily wealthy, now even wealthier, opened repertory theatres, bought racing strings. But the slump changed all these things—the racing strings were sold, the repertory theatres closed, the newly-rich moved back to even more miserable quarters than they had started from and, in the bargain, could not get back the looms, the spindles, or the still pettier jobs they had abandoned when the factories and mills were belching "brass" from their smoking chimneys.

Mr. Hodson has deeply understood and skilfully presented the many aspects of this cyclic phenomenon; his book has design, structure, authenticity, and the excitement incident on following the changing fortunes of his people. Sam Renshaw's rise from poverty and the mills to affluence and the "Rookery," and his decline, is a minor epic in itself; the benevolent capitalism of Edward Houghton, mill-owner and lover of the stage; the hard-headed practicality of Thomas Blackburn, speculator; the flamboyant adventuring of the shrewd Timothy Hilditch, imperialist and judge of fine women; the idealism of Henry Brierly, sometime dramatist and later owner of a weaving-mill; the slow decline from poverty, overwork, brutality, and disease of Mrs. Josh Meadows, mother of Trix Bishop the glamorous and successful actress—all these characters and all these situations are handled with the deftness, the sincerity, and insight that bespeak a major talent.

Mr. Hodson's faults are relatively few: a tendency at times to speak ex cathedra results in expository passages that are slightly pretentious, and these ex cathedra speeches are generally something less than profound; a few of his people are all black, a few all white, which makes for the sentimentality that distorts life, but in the main he has created successful characters whose hopes, whose aspirations, the daily facts of whose lives are capable of moving the reader in no uncertain fashion. His most notably successful piece of portraiture is the above-mentioned Mrs. Meadows, whose death, in hospital, of cancer, overwork, and undernourishment is a scene that measures up well with the profoundly moving death of Hans Castorp's cousin, Joachim, in "The Magic Mountain." Her portrait and the portrait of many other characters are instinct with the "deep sympathy . . . wide-flung charity, keen humor," that Henry Brierly knew his writing did not possess.

James Hilton, who was recently awarded the Hawthornden Prize for his novel, "Lost Horizon," was a journalist before he won a reputation as a novelist. He has several romances to his credit.

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A Man of Action and Intellect

DREAM AND ACTION. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

In his latest poem, a narrative based on the life of Rimbaud, Leonard Bacon has added another cubit to his intellectual stature. We have seen him as a rollicking satirist, treading deliberately in the footsteps of Byron, we have watched him in the "Furioso" pummelling the unfortunate d'Annunzio with such vigor that we felt almost ashamed of ourselves for enjoying the terrific punishment of this once-popular hero. Nor is it merely as a robust satirist that Mr. Bacon has distinguished himself. He can walk as delicately as Agag. A volume of lyric poetry, "Animula Vagula," reminds us that this arch satirist has a deep inner life of his own. He is as merciless with himself as with d'Annunzio:

The siege is over. And the walls are down
In the dismantled city of the soul.
Here fire and there the sword have taken toll.
And the inhabitants have fled the town.
Courage ran first and with him good renown.
As for the famous captain's self-control,
He's in the mountains hiding in a hole.
And not one passion trembles at his frown.

Despair's a silly word. It seems to me
Something by implication almost gay
Beside the thing that I perceive today,
The liquid of the Phlegethontian stream,
The parching water in whose glass I see
My own face like an idiot's in a dream.

The man who wrote that sonnet has certainly won the right to castigate the world for its love of pedantry and cheap romanticism.

"Dream and Action" is in many ways Mr. Bacon's most interesting poem. Here for the first time he has discovered a hero who is profoundly sympathetic to him. Rimbaud was an intellectual gifted with a savage energy. He appeared on the literary horizon when he was only sixteen years old. His best-known poem, the "Bateau Ivre" of which Mr. Bacon includes a translation, was written before he was seventeen. By the time he was twenty-one he had changed the course of French poetry, and then suddenly wearying of the Muses he embarked on a new life as a soldier, explorer, and merchant adventurer in Java and Abyssinia. It is not always easy to remember that the poet who wrote that extraordinary sonnet on the colors of vowels, and the explorer so respectfully mentioned in the reports of the Société de Géographie, are one and the same person. He might still be living at his trading post at Harrar in Somaliland if he had not been struck down by cancer and compelled to return to France. The doctors amputated a leg, after which he expected to recover quickly and go back to the desert, but the disease had gone too far to be arrested. He died in the hospital at Marseilles in November, 1891, at the age of thirty-seven.

A PORTRAIT BUST OF LEONARD BACON

No two Frenchmen have ever seen eye to eye about Rimbaud. To Claudel he was a mystic and a saint, an illuminator of all the highways of art, religion, and life. To Remy de Gourmont he was an unclean animal. Leonard Bacon sees him as a Titan, a mystic and a realist in one, a great poet in whom action and dream had coalesced for the first time. The poem opens with the sordid incident in Brussels. Verlaine, tortured by the growing contempt of his young protégé, fires a pistol shot which is heard around the literary world. The wound in Rimbaud's arm amounts to nothing, but it marks his farewell to poetry. We see him next on a Dutch transport headed for Java. The lure of the Orient had induced him to enlist in the Dutch army from which he deserted as soon as Java was reached. Mr. Bacon would have it that he was in a detachment of infantry ambushed by savages, and that he was wounded and left for dead on the battlefield. As long as he has expressly denied any intention of writing a biography of Rimbaud the accuracy of Mr. Bacon's facts is of no great importance. The poem is founded upon Rimbaud's career in the East, large blocks of which are still untouched by his biographers. Where they have failed to penetrate the poet is at liberty to wander at will.

That Rimbaud soon tired of poetry, that it became associated in his mind with the wretched intimacy with Verlaine, is obvious and it is equally obvious that Leonard Bacon is inclined to share Rimbaud's opinion of himself. He is not so much excited by Rimbaud the intellectual, as by the Rimbaud who rebelled against fate, the indefatigable traveler who without any assistance from the French government organized and led expeditions into the desert regions of Abyssinia. There is nothing unusual in all this. Rimbaud is merely an outstanding example of the great masters of literature—Stevenson is another of them—who have been half-ashamed of their trade. He grew up in the darkest hour of French history when Bismarck was crushing France under his heel. Without being in any sense a patriot, or even an unwilling admirer of Prussian efficiency, he felt the imperious call of action. And yet Rimbaud's career is perfectly consistent. In the Anglo-Saxon world the men of action and the men of intellect glare at each other with mutual distrust, but in France the two types are more often merged. Never have they been more effectively merged than in Rimbaud, and Leonard Bacon as the title of his poem indicates has caught the essential attribute of Rimbaud's wayward genius.

He was of the great who triumph over time,
Space, misery, language, they who are made free
By force of burning thought and burning rhyme,
Given up to man's original liberty,
Wandering at will into unknown, sublime
Empires, where they imagine or foresee
Beauty to come, vast pictures, vaster psalms.
Dante foreheard so thunderblasts of Brahms'.

In "Dream and Action" Mr. Bacon has escaped temporarily at least from the thraldom of satire. If T. S. Eliot had read any one of Mr. Bacon's books, preferably "Ulug Beg," he would not have said, as he did in a recent lecture at the University of Virginia, that "you cannot write satire in the stanza of Byron." On the contrary, Mr. Bacon's favorite stanza is "ottava rima," the stanza of "Don Juan," and he uses it with extraordinary felicity. He can duplicate romance and cynical realism, his occasionally tiresome trick of buttonholing the reader, and his flashing phrases which repeatedly lift the easy slipshod narrative to the dizziest heights of poetry. Even Byron's preposterous rhymes, "intellectual" and "henpecked you all" are matched by Mr. Bacon's "American" and "wherry can." But it is good to escape from satire sometimes, out of a world of negation into one of assertion. The constant shifting from passion to burlesque and vice versa, which Byron made so popular, is wearisome in the long run and only a poet of Leonard Bacon's amazing gusto could prevent a thousand stanzas of ottava rima from degenerating into a display of verbal dexterity.

Mere gusto is not enough. Leonard Bacon could hardly have written, certainly he could not have had published, eight volumes of poetry unless he had something more solid to rely on than his amazing fund of vitality. His range of subject is prodigious. He writes with equal ease and authority of Rimbaud and d'Annunzio, of the pedantry of graduate schools and of frontier life in the primitive Southwest. Whatever he has read or experienced seems to find its natural expression in verse. Sometimes, like John Donne, he deserves hanging for not keeping accent but there is a rush of inevitability about his poetry that more than compensates for the roughness of its texture. There are a few poets, such as Heredia and A. E. Housman, who give to the world nothing but their best. Theoretically they are right, and yet when we run through the great names of literature we do not find many flawless artists among them. If Leonard Bacon is sometimes guilty of writing less well than he knows how, he errs in the excellent company of Shakespeare, Shelley, and Wordsworth.

L. A. G. STRONG

Edgar Allan Poe once maintained that there was no such thing as a good long poem. A long poem might contain a number of excellent short passages but human nature was incapable of living on the heights for more than a few pages at a time. In one sense Poe was right. Emotional intensity cannot be sustained indefinitely, but why should poetry perpetually be aiming at emotional intensity? Leonard Bacon's poetry makes the same impression on us as a rushing river, and the quiet pools of beauty are all the more magical because we come upon them unawares. The exquisite description of d'Annunzio's first meeting with Duse is embedded in a fiercely satiric poem of some six hundred stanzas:

In the gas-lit green-room, back of the Roman stage,
He met her first. The Foscarina stood
Pale as the anemone when March's rage
Has spent itself in the New England wood,
And the white petals softly disengage
From the sheath, and there's a motion in our blood
Premonitory, and leaves are shooting forth,
And the air sounds of wildfowl sailing North.

There is still another aspect of Mr. Bacon's genius to be considered. Like all good poets he is a moralist at heart. However much the modern intellectual may dislike Matthew Arnold's dictum that poetry is a "criticism of life," no man can sally forth and tilt at the world's shams without cherishing some citadel of his own into which he retires periodically for rest and refreshment. A satirist without a private bureau of standards is a cynic in whose eyes the world is a vast meaningless joke. No man can accuse Mr. Bacon of being a cynic. His vitality and his curiosity about life are not only splendid things in themselves but they preserve him from cynicism and didacticism, the twin dangers of the intellectual and the moralist. For a long time critics have been insisting that those who concern themselves with the future of Amercan poetry should watch Mr. Bacon. He has won his place in the very front rank of contemporary poets not merely because he happens to possess a happy knack of verse satire, but because like all true humorists he writes from the heart and from the brain at the same time.

❧ ❧

Arnold Whitridge, whose review analyzes the work of one of the most valued contributors to The Saturday Review, *is a member of the English department of Yale University.*

A Story of Invalidism

CORPORAL TUNE. By L. A. G. Strong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

ALL is grist that comes to a fiction writer's mill, even an operation for gastric ulcers; but what Mr. Strong gets out of his operation is very different from the memorable report of Irvin S. Cobb. For this is a story of invalidism and not (despite the title) of army life. "Corporal tunes," said Burton the anatomist of melancholy, "pacify our incorporeal soul." Ignatius Farrelly's incorporeal soul had been much upset by the death of his beloved wife in childbirth, and by the subsequent discovery that the child was not his; but his stomach presently pacified him by making it impossible to think of anything uncolored by the effects of its ailments.

This reviewer could not get up much interest in Ignatius Farrelly, but was immensely interested in Mr. Strong's reproduction of the psychology of an invalid. For this is simply a report of what Ignatius Farrelly saw and felt and thought from the time he left a holiday resort in Scotland to go to London and get ready for his operation, until he came out of the ether; and it has in a supreme degree that essential quality of good fiction which Gilman Hall used to call "vivacity of visualization." You see, you feel, everything with Ignatius Farrelly; for you as for him, everything is qualified by his illness; you not only appreciate, as you read, that an invalid is of a different species from healthy men, but you become a member of that different species. As a purely technical achievement it is magnificent, no less in the resolute fortitude which the author must have needed to observe and note and remember every one of his reactions to illness than in the vividness with which he has reproduced them; but beyond that this simple report of the life of a sick man is, incredibly enough, interesting reading.

Delightful Malice

HEIRS OF MRS. WILLINGDON. By Mathilde Eiker. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.

MISS EIKER, having proved in "The Senator's Lady" that she could write hot romance if she chose, chooses to return to the malicious vivisection of character; and shows her contempt for popularity by the bold gesture of enlisting the reader's sympathy for a banker. Old Mrs. Willingdon, who had been her chauffeur's mistress for ten years, dies and leaves her money to him instead of to her stepchildren; one of whom, Lydia, is probably the most vicious female that even Miss Eiker has drawn.

The action revolves chiefly around the romance between Lydia's stepson and the chauffeur's daughter, but the point of the story gradually becomes the breaking down of the neurotic frigidity of Mrs. Willingdon's other stepdaughter, Avis Pettigrew; and only as it unfolds do you realize how truly every one who came into contact with her became, in one way or another, an heir of Mrs. Willingdon. Avis had to approach emotion through her intellect, which makes her an ideal subject for a writer who usually does the same. Can such things be? Don't ask; this is a fiction story, and if you hope the heroine will get what she wants, the author's purpose is accomplished. Not for the general public; but a book to be read with immense relish by those who appreciate Miss Eiker's uniquely ironic talent.

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Geneva's Great Citizen Rousseau

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, MORALIST. By Charles William Hendel. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. *Two vols.* $7.50.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THERE has actually been no full-length, comprehensive study of Rousseau's writing and thought published in English, though there have been biographies and incomplete commentaries aplenty. Professor Hendel's monumental interpretation thus fills a considerable need; it is written, moreover, with reverence and enthusiasm for the subject and is the fruit of some ten years of reading and searching over the whole field of Rousseau-ana.

The author has chosen to picture the interior (rather than the external) life of the Citizen of Geneva by following the thread of his thought throughout his private and public writings. Taking the period of self-education at the "Hermitage" as his point of departure, he pictures the growth of Rousseau's system of ideas as it shaped itself year by year, and relates this both to the sages who preceded him and the men who were his contemporaries. The decisive influence in Rousseau's moral philosophy, Professor Hendel rightly judges and illustrates with overwhelming evidence, was Plato. His life became, as it is portrayed here, on the one hand an "imitation" of the Socratic quest for truth, and on the other of the role of Lycurgus, the lawgiver, whom Plato so extolled. Hendel shows thereafter Rousseau's affinity with the eighteenth century currents of ideas and his opposition to the Encyclopedists and *philosophes* who surrounded him. The author of "Emile" drew his democratic and anti-monarchic spirit from the times; the ideas of natural right and popular sovereignty were in the air, ever since Grotius, Pufendorf, Hobbes, Locke, and Montesquieu; but these conceptions were "assimilated to his own mind and background," and he developed them—especially the notion of popular sovereignty—with his own originality and boldness. Jean-Jacques was both more revolutionary and more atavistic—as in his pantheism—than his contemporaries, and it is owing to these qualities probably that his works became the *vade-mecum* of the French Revolution.

Rousseau's abstract doctrines for a new state, as voiced in the "Social Contract," were based upon the laws of the ancient Greek cities and his own Geneva. Yet, when late in life he saw himself persecuted by Geneva, which was itself torn by the conflicts of special interests and privileged groups, he sensed that his "Social Contract" would have to be rewritten. It was not enough to have tried "to put the Law above man." And Professor Hendel, citing his last political writings, especially the projected constitution for Corsica, shows that he would have ruled out money and established there an economic communism. In the end Rousseau himself seemed to realize that the promulgation of human rights and popular sovereignty was insufficient to preserve human values such as he championed in "Emile" and the "New Heloïse."

The chief value of Professor Hendel's study consists in its elaborate and precise examination of Rousseau's writings, both in their fragmentary and complete stage. This painstaking method reveals to us just what materials, new or old, Rousseau's moral philosophy was compounded of. If one would cavil with the author it would be only because he follows his subject too rigorously, and fails to convey to it a critical perspective based upon the history of the time and of succeeding times.

⁂ ⁂

Matthew Josephson is himself the author of a much praised life of Rousseau.

The Bennett Book Studios have finally located and acquired a copy of the real first issue of Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous first book, "The Birds' Christmas Carol"—the "ghost book" of all American late nineteenth century juveniles. The copy is in good condition in the original paper wrappers.

E. Nesbit

By EARL WALBRIDGE

NINE years ago, on the fourth of May, 1924, there died at Jesson St. Mary's, England, after months of suffering gallantly endured, one of the most remarkable women of all those that English life and letters have produced. She was known to thousands of English children and to a smaller but equally devoted band of young readers in America as E. Nesbit. She was born in 1858 as Edith Nesbit, was married to Hubert Bland, a socialist writer, for thirty-seven years, and was Mrs. T. T. Tucker at the time of her death.

Her name bore an unfortunate resemblance to that of the chief protagonist in a

E. NESBIT

notorious murder trial, and there is probably no American E. Nesbit fan who has not had the trying experience of mentioning her name and meeting with either a blank stare or the question, "You mean Evelyn Nesbit Thaw?" All the more reason, these fans believe, why an American edition of Doris Langley Moore's marvelously felicitous and understanding "E. Nesbit: a Biography," should appear on this side of the Atlantic. It is published in London by Ernest Benn, Ltd., who deserves eternal gratitude for keeping fifteen of her children's books in print. In uniform blue binding, with the inimitable H. R. Millar and Spencer Pryse illustrations intact, they cost only a dollar apiece to import. Two omnibus volumes (containing "Five Children and It," "The Phoenix and the Carpet," and "The Story of the Amulet") and "The Bastable Children" (which puts between covers "The Treasure Seekers," "The Wouldbegoods," and "The New Treasure Seekers") are available in this country, but, melancholy to say, appear not to be as welcome to little children here as in England. Christopher Morley voiced some such apprehension in his entertaining and sympathetic preface to "The Bastable Children."

Faute de mieux, I have obtained from England "Nine Unlikely Tales," "The Enchanted Garden," "The Magic World," and "Wet Magic," and "The Magic City." The little blue volumes are gay and attractive, and contain treasures that never came my way in the old *Strand Magazine*. However, I look with particular pride on that shelf in my bookcase which contains original American editions of E. Nesbit's books, found in unexpected corners of Manhattan. "The House of Arden" I found one evening when I was walking down Sixth Avenue, with the thunders of Toscanini's conducting of the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" still in my ears. In the same sidewalk bookstall outside the same furniture store where I once found a copy of Grant Allen's "Hilda Wade" I espied this copy of "The House of Arden." The price was a quarter of a dollar, and for good measure the book contained Donald Douglas's bookplate. Mr. Douglas is an abject admirer of E. Nesbit, and once introduced a reference to the Ugly-Wuglies (those bloodcurdling creations in "The Enchanted Castle") into his first novel "The Grand Inquisitor." "The Railway Children" I found at Weltman's on 125th Street; "The Book of Dragons" (a particularly attractively made volume) at Friedman's; and "Harding's Luck" somewhere on Fourth Avenue. Cuthbert Wright, the Anglo-Catholic historian and critic, gave me my "Wouldbegoods," with the Reginald Birch pictures.

Who was E. Nesbit? Well, she was a born Bohemian, a Fabian Socialist, a hack writer, a novelist, a poet (she considered herself a very fine one), a Bacon-Shakespeare infatuate, the dispenser of gay hospitality to Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Berta Ruck, Noel Coward, and hosts of others, and the author of a long series of children's books which have never been equalled for gayety, freshness, unflagging invention, and infectious humor. Here is Miss Moore's masterly summing up of their importance in the history of children's literature:

> The Psammead stories must not be dismissed without some attempt to estimate their significance. With their successors, the tales of the Phoenix and of the Amulet, and later on the Arden books, they represented something entirely new in the realm of children's fiction: no such curious and unheard-of fairies had ever been portrayed before in contact with a family of English children. Each of the supernatural characters has its own vivid, convincing personality. The traditional fairy queen, gracefully waving her wand and uttering noble sentiments in a silvery voice, is a pale, meaningless cipher to those who have known the cantankerous Psammead, the lovable but outrageously conceited Phoenix, and the Mouldiwarp who talks in dialect. They are neither "good fairies" who moralize, nor fiendish ones, who, without motive, work evil spells; they belong to the rarer and much more engaging species of fairies who, while lacking nothing of magical power, are yet made credible and familiar by human weaknesses and vanities. In ordinary fairy-tales, it is the magic and its consequences alone that excite interest; here we have not only magic most wonderful and *dénouements* queerer than have often been conceived, but subtle distinction of character in mortals and immortals alike, and a humor so lively that eagerness to unravel the plot is repeatedly forgotten in laughter, even when the reader is a child.

"Five Children and It" was the first of a series of books in which the waking dreams of children are realized and crystallized as their sleeping dreams are crystallized in "Alice in Wonderland." No one has ever been able to imitate them, and—perhaps regrettably,—it is unlikely that anyone ever will. They were the production of a mind capable of throwing off in an instant all the shackles of adulthood while yet retaining all the skill of experience. In their own sphere they were without parallel, and no parallel in any other sphere suggests itself—unless it be in the works of F. Anstey, to whom it is possible that she owed one of those indirect debts which are at the same time payments of tribute.

While Christopher Morley smokes a cigarette from the case given him by Joseph Conrad, en route to Peru, we take the opportunity to print Mr. Walbridge's article on one of the great enthusiams of the Conductor of the Bowling Green (Grace Line Photo).

Humor, as Miss Moore says, permeates every story, and the reader, even when he is not a child, will often dissolve in helpless laughter over some passage which he passed over in wondering silence twenty-five years before.

E. Nesbit was quite as unequalled in her short flights as in her longer. Lewis Carroll himself could not surpass the sustained nonsense of "The Cockatoucan; or, Great-Aunt Willoughby," in "Nine Unlikely Tales." Taking a wrong bus, Matilda and her terrible governess, Pridmore, find themselves in a fantastic land where the landscape and personnel are subject to violent and humiliating changes. The King of the country (who before coming to greet them "changed his sceptre and put on a clean crown") met things with patience and resignation. As Matilda later discovered, all the trouble was caused by his daughter, the much too slim Princess, who from sheer vindictiveness would creep out at night and tickle the Cockatoucan until he laughed. And with what results!

> It laughed, and the general holiday was turned into a new income tax; the magnificent reception changed itself to a royal reprimand, and the Army itself suddenly became a discontented Sunday school treat, and had to be fed with buns and brought home in brakes, crying.
>
> However, Matilda fed the Princess her favorite food, bread and milk, sprinkled with rose leaves, and with pear-drops in it. Furthermore, she appealed to her better nature.
>
> "But how can any one be happy?" asked Matilda, severely, "when every one is turned into something they weren't meant to be? There's your dear father—he's a desirable villa—the Prime Minister was a little boy, and he got back again, and now he's turned into a Comic Opera. Half the Palace housemaids are breakers, dashing themselves against the Palace crockery; the Navy, to a man, are changed to French poodles, and the Army to German sausages. Your favorite nurse is now a flourishing steam laundry, and I, alas! am too clever by half. Can't that horrible bird do anything to put us all right again?"

It seemed that the remedy was to make him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth, and Pridmore, changed back into her original shape from that of an Automatic Nagging Machine, was perfectly capable of accomplishing that.

Then the awful fate of Tony, in "The Blue Mountain" (another Unlikely Tale).

"Take him to the Parliament House," said the King, beside himself with rage. "Give him a taste of the mace," and Tony tasted the mace and was stamped on by the Great Seal, who was very fierce and lived in a cage at the Parliament House (but is wearing a rather smug smile in the accompanying illustration).

E. Nesbit's imperiousness, her frequent fits of temper, and her sensitivity to slights made life difficult enough for her family and friends on occasion, as Miss Moore shows (although Heaven knows Hubert Bland's philandering gave her ample provocation more than once), but her wonderful generosity, her high spirits, and at the end, her marvellous courage, more than atoned for these. Her last gesture, as Miss Moore puts it, was a typically graceful and gallant one.

> When she was dying she had longed to have a fair view of the Kentish hills whose aspect had always rejoiced her. Hearing this, her friend, Mrs. Thorndike, had sent her some contrivance by which she could raise her four-post bed to a level with the window. She replied with the poem that follows, the last she ever completed, and one of the most charming:
>
> On bed of state long since a Queen
> Would wake to morning's starry beams
> Silvering the arras blue and green
> That hung her walls with cloth-of dreams;
> And, where the fluted valance drooped
> Above the curtains' broidered posies,
> The pretty carven cupids trooped
> Festooning all her bed with roses.
>
> Mother of Stars! enthroned I lie
> On the high bed your kindness sent,
> And see between the marsh and sky
> The little lovely hills of Kent;
> And, 'mid the memories old and new
> That bless me as the curtain closes,
> Come troops of pretty thoughts of you . . .
> And mine, too, is a bed of roses.

The University of Pennsylvania Press has recently completed arrangements to act as publishers for the American Philosophical Society, oldest learned society in America, founded by Benjamin Franklin.

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Palestine, Its Past and Its Present

HISTORY OF PALESTINE, THE LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS. By Jacob de Haas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM THOMSON

WITHIN the 523 pages of this book Mr. de Haas has sought not only to compress the story of Palestine for the last two thousand years, but also to set that story against the background of world history. The success of such a venture depends upon a judicious balancing of background to foreground and a careful and skilful choice of details. Mr. de Haas's background, however, so overshadows his foreground that the reader is often beguiled into forgetfulness of the subject of the book. Roman, Persian, and Byzantine emperors, Muslim caliphs and emirs, crusading counts and knights, Tartar khans and Turkish sultans, popes, pilgrims, and priests strut across the little stage, trailing after them such clouds of detail to explain their entrances and exits, details which are frequently impertinent and are sometimes just unsavory morsels of private and public morality, that Palestine and its story lie buried often beneath the records of their marching and counter-marching, their victories and routs, their rapine and murder, the scandal and lechery of their lives, to emerge again clearly only when Mr. de Haas has found some description of its economic condition, or in a few, fleeting moments of history when Palestine itself was the definite objective of a campaign as in the Crusades and the Jewish rebellions of the first two centuries A. D. The art of Mr. de Haas has made Palestine the pivot of the world and the focus of world history, but it cannot truthfully be named even "the world's unending buffer-state," as he calls it. It has been for the most part just a corridor for conquerors advancing against a distant objective, in itself unimportant, and Mr. de Haas's study suffers not only from a lack of proportion and perspective, but also from an original bias in the general historical conception of his problem.

A more definite objection, however, can be urged against Mr. de Haas's work. He has never once defined what he means by Palestine, except to say that it is "a state of mind." Sometimes he seems to give it the dimensions which the Syrian Arab Nationalists give to the Syria of their dreams, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean and from the Taurus Mountains to the Gulf of Aqaba. At other times he includes in it Judæa and Samaria, Galilee and Transjordania. Again he is soberly content with Judæa and Samaria. This vagueness may plague the reader, but it is a very present help to Mr. de Haas in creating his impression. Thanks to it Palestine may be called the chief state of the Omayyad Caliphate (661-750 A. D.) and become even a cause of the World War.

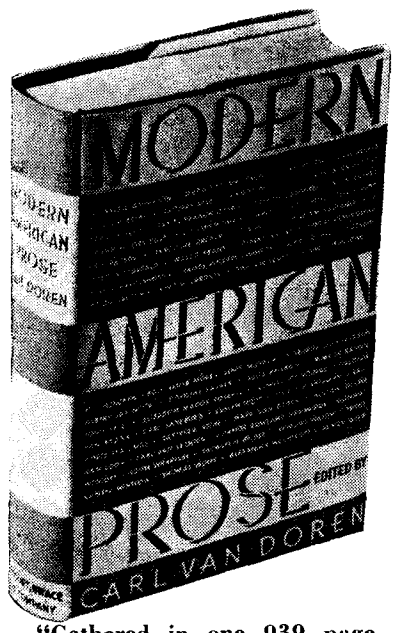
Symptomatic also of the bias of Mr. de Haas's mind and of the cause of that bias are his statements that the World War was fought for the possesssion of the East and that Asia Minor has displaced the Balkans apparently as the plague spot of Europe, and the same prejudice is revealed in his discussion of the Palestinian campaign, his disparagement of the part played by Lawrence and the Arabs therein, and his discreet silence on the Arab nationalist movement of the last decades of the nineteenth century in Syria. The primary reason for the British advance into Palestine may not have been the defence of Egypt. That may have been "a professional afterthought." But so also was the Palestinian campaign. The failure of their two flanking attacks on the Turkish Empire at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia forced the British to make a frontal attack through Palestine, and that attack would never have been undertaken without assurance of Arab neutrality at least and would have been hazardous, if not impossible, without Arab help. Lawrence's "intrigue" and "desert conjurings" practically imprisoned 25,000 Turkish troops between Amman and Medina, who otherwise might have fallen upon Allenby's right flank, helped to hold the Turkish fourth corps idle at Amman, and broke the Turkish communications with Damascus at the vital hour of Allenby's final assault,—perhaps not impressive military operations, but essential nevertheless to British success and very welcome.

So much concerning the form of Mr. de Haas's book and its general historical outlook. To convey his picture of Palestine he has amassed a vast amount of detail, but his judgment has not always been sound, nor his authorities always good, or else he has misquoted them, for his pages bristle with mis-statements. We are informed, for example, that the Council of Nicæa recognized Christianity as the state religion, that the Monophysite conception of the nature of Jesus Christ was that the human nature became divine, that Khalid al-Walid (*sic*) was the leader of the Muslims at the battle of Muta, that Kainukaa and Nadhir are places in Arabia instead of the names of the two Jewish tribes that Mohammed drove out of Medina, that Merwan I was a son of Mu'awiya, that Merwan II was an Abbaside and not the last of the Omayyads, that Adh-Dhahir's reign ended in 1036, but that he died in 1027, that Omar Khayim (*sic*), the poet and astronomer, and Nizam el-Mulk, the famous Seljuk vizier, helped Hassan ibn Subah (*sic*) organize the Assassins, that Ibn Khalikan (*sic*), born in 1211, reports watching Saladin superintending repairs on the walls of Jerusalem in 1187, and that George Adam Smith is an American. We are told further that the Fatimids were Moorish-blooded, that Saladin came from Kurdistan, that Zenobia was a Jewess or an almost Jewess, that Mu'awiya was a Syrian nationalist, that the Omayyads induced a great mass of translation from Greek to Arabic, and that there was a British offensive in Palestine in the Third Crusade. We have Sabas for Saba, Abu'rrahman for Abdu'r-rahman, Abu Sufian for Yezid ibn Abi Sufian, Ommayads for Omayyads, Kasim Ungur for Abu'l-Kasim Ungur. Some of these names may be misprints, but others are just sheer misapprehensions. And there are others.

And yet Mr. de Haas has a way with him, and a style that is swift, indeed almost breath-taking, and a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and he has created a book so readable that it is almost a sacred obligation to discover to readers the bias of his point of view and to warn them concerning his facts.

* *

William Thomson is a member of the staff of Harvard University.



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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

Balzac and His Family

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: Letters to his Family (1809-1850); *Including a series of Letters from Madame de Balzac to her Son. Edited by Walter Scott Hastings. Princeton: Princeton University Press.* 1934. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HOBART ROYCE

PROFESSOR HASTINGS, to whom Balzac students are indebted for his publication of "Cromwell," Balzac's first work, and of the letters of Balzac and his publisher Souverain, has made another important contribution to our knowledge of the great French novelist by editing this volume. It contains 190 letters: 116 of which have appeared incorrectly and incompletely in the Calmann-Lévy editions of Balzac's general correspondence, 1876; six of which have been published elsewhere; and seventy-one letters hitherto unpublished, thirty-eight of which are by Balzac, and thirty-three written to him by his mother.

Nearly all of the letters here presented were copied directly from the original holographs in the Spoelberch de Lovenjoul Collection at Chantilly. The curator of this library is M. Marcel Bouteron, the foremost Balzacian in France, and Professor Hastings acknowledges the hearty coöperation of M. Bouteron in the arduous task of preparing this volume.

The urgent need of a new and accurate edition is shown by Professor Hastings, who says: "No single letter to Balzac's family, in the volume of general correspondence, is free from distressing faults; the majority of the letters are found to contain astounding variants, omissions, and elaborations when compared with the originals; some are fabricated from fragments of letters bearing various dates; some are entire forgeries. What is more serious still, the dating of none may be trusted."

The unreliability of the text of Balzac's previously published correspondence has long been known and lamented by Balzac students. No index had previously been attempted, because such an index would have omitted a large number of the facts, names, and opinions which Balzac actually wrote. Professor Hastings supplies complete indexes to all the letters contained in this volume.

The falsification of Balzac's correspondence, though deliberate and ill-advised, was not wholly culpable. Such letters as were deemed most important underwent the affectionate scrutiny of Balzac's sister, Mme. Laure Surville, and her daughters, and then passed the even more exacting censorship of Balzac's widow, the former Mme. Hanska. Every letter and passage which in any measure offended the susceptibilities of these ladies; or which revealed too intimately any details concerning the members of Balzac's family circle, their friends, and other persons who were still living; or which seemed to violate the canons of good taste, family pride, and personal privacy—were either rigorously cut or omitted altogether, or were altered in words and meaning to conform to their high though narrow standards. Nothing which might adversely reflect on Balzac's name, fame, and character, or on the dignity and respectability of his relatives, was allowed to remain in his published letters.

Now, as in the abridgment of Pepys's Diary, the letters and passages omitted or changed are perhaps the most interesting and important portions of this correspondence. Balzac wrote these letters for no other eyes than those of the recipients, from whom, they being his own blood relatives, he had nothing to conceal, good or bad, about himself, nor his frank opinions of them. In these letters more than in any others he wrote—certainly much more than the purposeful missives penned to Mme. Hanska, his prospective bride—Balzac reveals himself without guile or subterfuge. His lifelong ambition, his independence, his egotism, his vanity, the power of his will, the selfishness of his demands, the depth of his discontent, and the idiosyncrasies, great and small, of his all-embracing genius,—are more fully and truly self-depicted in these letters to his family than anywhere else.

And what a family! Balzac himself wrote to his sister: "Oh! There are not two families in the world like ours, and I firmly believe we are unique of our kind." A more unhappy, unharmonious, unsympathetic set of persons it would be hard to imagine. Living in constant bickering, working at cross purposes, suffering from real or imaginary diseases, harassed by financial distress (which was not imaginary), unloving, jealous of one another, the Balzac ménage must have been a seething nest of vipers and wildcats. No wonder that the youthful Balzac separated himself from his family, and sought sweet solitude in a cheerless attic!

The father, of Rabelaisian mind and bovine mien, thinking of naught but his physical welfare and longevity; the mother, thirty-two years younger than her husband, a woman of highly nervous temperament and restless energy, with a tongue "barbed at both ends and hung in the middle"; two daughters, one a dolt and the other a darling; two sons, one a ne'er-do-well, the other, the world's greatest novelist! Professor Hastings, in an admirable introduction gives a succinct but comprehensive picture of this family group and their forebears, to enable the reader of the correspondence to obtain the proper focus upon each personage.

Mme. Laure Surville, Balzac's favorite sister, the only member of his home circle to receive and return his love and confidence, undoubtedly thought she was improving his style when she changed a passage in one of his letters to read: "My two only and immense desires, *to be famous and to be loved,* will they ever be satisfied?" This, the most quoted passage from Balzac's correspondence, he did not write!

* *

William Hobart Royce, associate of Gabriel Wells in his collecting of rare books, is one of the outstanding authorities on Balzac in this country.

On the Supernatural

GOD AT WORK. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN DANIELS

THIS is a good book and an important one. As a study of the supernatural it not only breaks ground for the enlarging of our concept of how God works, it likewise points the way to a series of emphases which must be made in order to understand the action of the divine in present-day life.

The supernatural is defined by contrast, as well as affirmatively. Nature is physical; the supernatural is spiritual. Nature is rational, predictable, measurable; the supernatural is creative. Nature is the actual, the limited, the imperfect; the supernatural is the ideal, the limitless, the perfect. According to Dr. Brown, the supernatural may be seen in its first two aspects in human personality, in its perfection it is seen in God alone. Realizing this, man worships and is held in awe by it, and in the last analysis, the perfect is revealed to the religious man by faith.

Dr. Brown does much to put to rest the confusion which generally attends discussions of the natural and supernatural. His debt to Oman's "The Natural and the Supernatural" is evident, though by contrast his language is simple and untechnical. He has not contented himself in this study with the usual classic philosophico-theological references but instead has made abundant use of contemporary religious movements such as the First Century Christian Fellowship, the movement of Karl Barth, the Anglo-Catholic revival, and the work of such men as Schweitzer, Gandha, Kagawa, and others in order to point out where God is at work in this generation. He sees them as "parts of one great movement in which God is recalling our generation to himself." Be that as it may, (and here one cannot refrain from feeling that they can't all be right) he writes with clarity and understanding and the result is an eminently readable book.

Conversant as he is with contemporary movements, he is not unfamiliar with the old theologies and one cannot help but notice that many of his roots lie there. For example, discussing how God reveals himself to man, he says, "God makes his presence known with irresistible conviction in the act of the will by which man surrenders without reserve to the highest he knows." "Act of will" is Kantian, "highest he knows" is Ritschlian. He leans heavily on them but they are not his "guide and stay."

This selection of the Religious Book Club will be valued by many because of its concise definitiveness. No postulate goes unexamined, no theory is advanced but it is sustained by a shrewd insight into the motives which move men. With clear comprehension William Adams Brown has pointed out that the workings of God, the difficulty of faith, the question of the miraculous, the problem of evil, are all problems of *personality,* and must be seen in that light in order to be understood.

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The New Books

Fiction

RED MACAW. By Phoebe Haggard. Scribners. 1934. $2.

Of only mediocre value as a novel, this book has the sort of interest you can sometimes find in the *National Geographic Magazine*. It is the history of the first hundred years of an estate in the Brazilian interior, tied together by the biography of a century-old macaw whose broken wing kept her in the vicinity of the house; and of a negro slave, Philomena, who lived almost as long as her feathered friend, and died with her.

In 1800, when the cousins José and Joao Fernandez brought a cargo of slaves from the Guinea Coast and chopped themselves a plantation out of the jungle of Minas Geraes, there was no check on the rights of the master; he could kill a slave or kill his wife without question. The early chapters are a tale of horror—vicious and superfluous human bestiality superimposed on the cruelty of the jungle. By the end of the century manners had moderated, great plantations were no longer profitable, and the slaves were free, without knowing what to do with their freedom. Apparently without intention, the book conforms in some respects to the canons of the proletarian novel; there is less interest in any individual than in an oppressed class—its sufferings, its apathetic submission, its tenacious survival. But the real protagonist is the atmosphere of the tropical jungle—merciless and murderous, but counteracted by the tropical fertility and vitality not only of animals and vegetation, but of the maltreated negroes. A strange and sometimes awkward book, but worth reading.

E. D.

ALL THE SKELETONS IN ALL THE CLOSETS. By Keith Fowler. Macaulay. 1934. $2.50.

In a New York 1934 version of one of civilization's oldest rackets, three callous rascals issue a blackmailing sheet called *The Social Arbiter*. Hundreds of dollars were extracted from struggling bankers and merchants in return for ludicrous adulation (with pictures) in the pages of the magazine. But the thousands came from the climbers who were trying to force their way into the Four Hundred, and could afford no unfavorable publicity. Ultimately a group of the victims got together and gave the district attorney enough evidence to send two of the rascals to jail; the third was too stupid, the law decided, to be worth bothering with. At any rate, *The Social Arbiter* was done for, and a great many small souls rested more quietly.

This unedifying narrative is a compendium of petty blackmailing tricks, a study of methodology in the half world of ratty confidence men. Mr. Fowler knows his cheap crooks; he delivers their talk and their manners to us with little or no regard for our possible sensibilities. There is an air of verisimilitude about the book so long as it deals with anti-social activities, but when Mr. Fowler introduces his good citizens—Tom O'Malley and his daughter Pat, Mrs. Ramage, and Jimmy Calvert—the feeling of truth is absent. These people who are morally estimable are stuffed with literary sawdust and tend to annoy us. That is a fault in Mr. Fowler's work; it is not, surely, intentional. But the fact remains that most of the bad people are good characters, and though we are jolted by their speech and actions, they themselves are usually enjoyable.

Thus, "All the Skeletons in All the Closets" is an uneven story, sometimes dully conventional, sometimes entertainingly raw and brutal. At its best, it depicts low tricks played on stupid people; and when it rolls most shamelessly in the gutter it has the most vitality.

R. B.

NIGHT SHIFT. By Richard Blaker. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.

Richard Blaker always has a plot better than the average, and characters far more out of the ordinary run than the characters of most novels; but plot and characters never satisfy him. He must get behind them, probe into the tangle of motives, interactions, causations; every one of his novels is a metaphysical research. In "Night Shift" he glorifies extrovert mechanics, men concerned with tangible things and not with analysis, relations, explanations—which he contemptuously calls "a sort of yapping and blinking and choking and sneezing in the dust raised by one's heels." Yet in every page he shows himself as a man incurably interested in relations and only indifferently concerned with tangibles.

But readers with no taste for metaphysics will find an excellent story in "Night Shift," and with it a picture of life in a suburban London garage operated on a twenty-four hour basis which is almost as carefully exact as if it had been done by Sinclair Lewis. Winter, the day foreman, despising the human race and given to snooping into what did not concern him, was always delighted when he found evidence that his worst suspicions were justified; and he presently found such evidence about the lovely Mrs. Hudson, one of the garage's customers. But Hales, the night foreman, adored Mrs. Hudson with an inarticulate and altruistic devotion—and Hales at the moment was a nervous wreck, worn down by the sufferings of his wife who was dying with cancer; distinctly not a man to trifle with, as Winter did with his repeated malicious jibes at Mrs. Hudson. Out of this record of a neurasthenic's distorted reaction to his environment there leaps a tragedy, as sudden and unforeseen as some of those you read about in the newspapers; and into the situation created by the tragedy steps the owner of the garage, a god from the machine who saves the situation by an act perfectly in character. Read it simply as a story and you will get your money's worth; but it was not simply as a story that Richard Blaker conceived it.

E. D.

BROKEN MUSIC. By Morna MacTaggart. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

Miss MacTaggart's story is a likable, sensitive, sincere, and thoroughgoing picture of a marriage between a nice, middle-class English girl and a young German of corresponding background. The Marvells lived in their own house in the country—Mr. Marvell having brought his family down to Somerset when he felt able to retire from his job in the City. The Eckharts lived in a comfortable flat in one of the German university towns, with a river flowing just underneath the windows. Emily was like any number of other well-brought-up English girls, fond of the country, already engaged to a nice boy of her own sort, although not wildly excited about it, when along came Kurt, with his Doctor's thesis on Wordsworth, sympathetically taking a summer bicycle trip through the English countryside. The engagement was broken, Emily and Kurt were married, and went back to Germany, where he was going to teach English literature in the university.

That was before the war. The novel follows them into middle-age——first readjustments; the coming of the two children; the war, to which Kurt had to go, and all that it brought in suffering, strain, and divided loyalties; and even goes on (for Miss MacTaggart is nothing if not thorough) into the lives and loves of the second generation, with their son married to a German girl and settled in New York and the daughter back in England, married to a young London newspaperman.

Although "Broken Music" has the flow, variety, and humor of a very readable novel, and quite stands on its own feet as such, it suggests at times those records of personal experience, of homesteader's wives, women rice-planters, and the like, occasionally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The domestic detail is so affectionately and plausibly painted in, that is to say, that one has the feeling of following something more than a fictional record. The reader wouldn't be surprised to hear that Joyce, Emily's novelist-sister, who enters the narrative from time to time, bore some relation in life to Miss MacTaggart herself.

A. R.

A STORM IS RISING. By George Dyer. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.

Nothing is harder to find than a good novel of action, in which there is excitement without outrage to the laws of probability or rhetoric; but such a find is "A Storm Is Rising." It describes a terrifyingly plausible attempt at a Communist revolution, to be made by paralyzing four or five of the principal cities and holding them as hostages against the rest of the country. In New York, for instance, a handful of men are to destroy the public services, smash the means of getting off the island, blow up most of Wall Street as the whiff of grapeshot that shows they mean business, and then wait for the hamstrung giant to come to terms. The entire conspiracy (if one grants the author his base of operations, a castle fortified by the eccentricity of a dead millionaire, which seems more appropriate to Mr. Dornford Yates's Austria than to Pennsylvania) is altogether too probable, and the means by which it is frustrated are probable also. The conspirators accidentally arouse the suspicion of a group of young people, their neighbors, whom Mr. Dyer has managed to make gallant and humorous without making them as offensively rollicking about saving their country as such characters sometimes are; and by the narrowest possible margin they prevent the coup d'état at the end of 1931.

For this book is original in being laid not in the immediate future, but the immediate past; and the reader feels an extra shiver when it is explained how near he came to destruction, and never knew it. It may be objected to the novel that the specific suspense might begin earlier; the communists spend rather a long time in being sinister in a general way before they reveal the extent of our danger; but no one could wish more suspense than he gets before the book ends. As the White King very justly said, there are better things than hay, but there is nothing *like* it; and though there are better kinds of literature, every one has times when nothing takes the place of a book of this kind; and of this kind, this is a first-rate piece of work.

B. D.

BROTHERS AND LOVERS. By John Hampson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Hampson's American publishers, not unreasonably wanting to change his English title of "Strip Jack Naked," were rather unhappy in their choice of a substitute; especially as it moves them to hail him as "the heir-apparent of D. H. Lawrence in English letters." This is the story of Ted Borlay, working in his father's store in an English midland city, and pathologically devoted to his older brother Alf. Alf's intended marriage sets him spiritually adrift; but when Alf is killed in an accident, leaving a pregnant fiancée, Ted steps into the breach and marries her, and through the responsibilities and joys of matrimony eventually sets himself psychologically on his own feet. It is a pleasant little story, told in the main with an effective simplicity; but if Mr. Hampson is the heir, apparent or otherwise, of D. H. Lawrence, this reviewer is the greatest secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton.

E. D.

Miscellaneous

CRIMINAL LAW IN ACTION. By John Barker Waite. Sears. 1934.

We live in an era in which established institutions and procedures are subject to constant questioning. It is no longer enough that something has been, it must meet the requirements of a new appraisal. "Criminal Law in Action" is an intelligent exposition of our present methods of procedure which are supposed to control crime. Mr. Waite has treated the subject in a scientific, yet popular, manner.

This book touches upon most of the shortcomings and problems of the criminal law. It discusses the lack of any clear-cut philosophy regarding the theory on which our criminal law proceeds.

Innumerable technicalities of the law are pointed out. The fetishes of judicial form and procedure are discussed. In a chapter entitled "The Law: Safeguards,"

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
CONSIGNED TO DAVY JONES *George H. Grant* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Sea Yarn	Captain Grant has placed the fiction tag on his story of adventures aboard a collier out of Cardiff when war declaration diverted his course across the Atlantic. After attempted mutiny, a submarine got her.	Obvious
BLUE PLATE SPECIAL *Damon Runyon* (Stokes: $2.)	Short Stories	More about Broadway's humorously human guys and dolls, written as a mug would write them.	B'way & 42nd
THE HARVESTING *Irving Bacheller* (Stokes: $2.)	Romance	The story of the young man who assumed responsibility for his old man's crime. "North Country" setting.	Oke
THE RED TIGER *Don Skene* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Farce	The *Herald-Tribune* sports writer spins one about the large but timid young man whom boxing's sharpest-shooting manager built into a heavyweight champ. It's funny.	Cauliflower
NEXT YEAR'S ROSE *Diana Patrick* (Dutton: $2.)	Romance	Cinderella makes the grade.	Ladies only
SINISTER EDEN *Brian Cotterell* (Lippincott: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	The hard-boiled skipper, his crack-pot mother, the kidnapped gal, treasure, murder, and hurricanes all in a South Sea palm-tree set.	Hashish

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D. D.

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D. D.

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Double-Crostics: Number 21

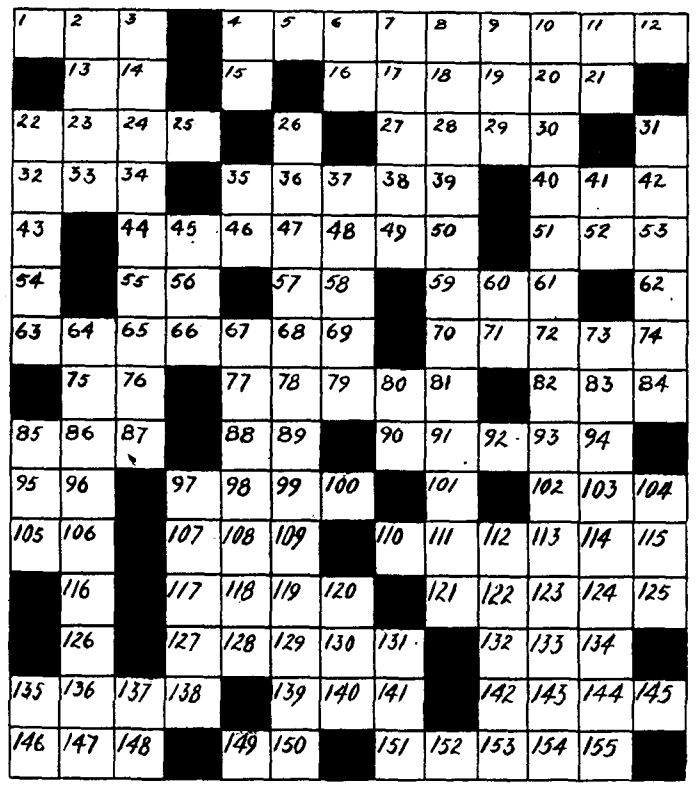
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 25-52-39-9-92. Mathematical relation.	_ _ _ _ _
II. 111-4-71-97-151-50. Mythological and operatic heroine.	_ _ _ _ _ _
III. 51-155-38-10-116-140-15-74-33. French woman musician (1861-).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 138-23-62. Fiery, passionate, violent.	_ _ _
V. 90-112-45-21. Habitat of a famous English swan.	_ _ _ _
VI. 147-123-5-59-30-19. Immovably fixed.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 109-24-31. Inexpert athletic performer (colloq.)	_ _ _
VIII. 22-113-128. Ripe fruit of the wild rose.	_ _ _
IX. 75-58-150-117-64-34-141. Without formality or preparation.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 29-7-63-87-48. Composer; hero of novel by Franz Werfel.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 134-129-36-110. A rank of the British peerage.	_ _ _ _
XII. 148-55-40-105. Two-masted boat with jigger aft.	_ _ _ _
XIII. 3-103-130-135-139-68-121-78-70-144-49-61. Russian composer.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 43-126-83-13-1-136-132. Fish of species Hippoglossus.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 37-102-98-145-133-20-154. Any adjective expressing quality.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 142-120-77-27-88-12-94-84. Satanic nickname.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 146-106-149-53-17-6-96-108-42. Compensation.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 56-124-118-81-54. A crowd in motion.	_ _ _ _ _
XIX. 127-79-153-137-8-57-99-104. Fylfot, gammadion.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 131-14-73-41-119-32-89-100-46. Animated, exhilarated.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 65-80-85-152-114-44-69-143-125-18. Six states in two words.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 115-67-16-60. To issue forth copiously.	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 11-66-2-28-91-47-86. Tranquil, of even temper.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 72-107-35-101-95-93-82-76-26-122. Disreputable tatterdemalion.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 20)

GEORGE HERBERT—"VIRTUE"

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the tendency to lean backwards in order to protect the innocent is well developed. The roles played by police, lawyers, judges, and press are discussed at some length. In the last analysis, however, this examination of the criminal law seems to lay the blame squarely upon the public for many of our present difficulties with criminals. If it is any function of the criminal law to deter it must rely, as is well pointed out, on a good deal more than the threat of punishment. Fear of death alone has never deterred people. Hosts of people have gone to their deaths without hesitation in order to further causes in which they believed. In order to discourage crime the penalties already fixed need not be made more heavy, but we must surround the punishment with public scorn. "To the extent that the public respects criminals, any deterrent effect of punishment is nullified."

Mr. Waite ends his conclusions with the following remark: "The people of this country, if they hope for improvement, must throw off the delusion that administration of the criminal law can be bettered through tinkering with the law, and must devote their thought and effort enthusiastically to the task of improving the attitude of the law's administrators." If we add to this the task of improving the attitude of the public toward the criminal, that is of treating him with contumely, we have laid some basis for a practical program to improve the conditions of crime existing in the country today.

W. J. H.

POINTS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VERSE. By Iolo A. Williams. Bowker. 1934. $5.

The latest unit in the Bibliographia Series covers a field in which there was much spade-work to be done. The acreage was assigned to one who was not only superlatively well acquainted with it but who brought to the tillage the proper tools and a proved skill in their use. Mr. Williams is an expert bibliographical technician, and he has an enduring enthusiasm for his special subject—that enthusiasm, indeed, caused eighteenth century verse to bulk rather too large in his "Elements of Book-Collecting" seven years ago.

Apart from the great names of the period—Burns, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson, Pope, Swift—eighteenth century British prosody offers little to appeal to the American collector, and to this extent it is unfortunate that the first unit in the Bibliographia Series to appear under a conjoint London-New York sponsorship should devote so many pages to resolving the puzzles of James Bramston's "Art of Politicks" and Samuel Boyce's "Poems on Several Occasions." But as a study in diligent application to a special and moderately abstruse subject, Mr. Williams's monograph is wholly admirable—a delightful textbook in the art of performing surpassingly well a task into which an alert and sympathetic book-collector has put his mind and his heart. There is no "last word" in bibliography, but in his particular field Mr. Williams has said it until someone offers a later.

Parallel opportunities await collector-investigators on this side of the Atlantic, and to these Mr. Williams's study is recommended without reservation as a model. For example, the battalion of nonentities (not all of them nonentities) who throng the pages of Poe's "Literati," some to receive extravagant adulation, others to be slain by a pen-thrust, and most of them, whatever they got, now lying in a common grave of oblivion, eminently merit just such definitive bibliographical treatment as Mr. Williams has employed in the comparable instances of, say, Joseph Trapp and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

J. T. W.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
UNCONFESSED *Mary Hastings Bradley* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Shadows of marital squabble seen by Leila Seton, art expert and extra guest at house-party. Two murders follow.	Lady detective makes too many psychic bids to suit this realist, but atmosphere, action, and dialogue have much merit.	Readable
DEATH OF A BANKER *Anthony Wynne* (Lippincott: $2.)	Banker on horseback stabbed as he rides to hounds with nobody near and plump Dr. Hailey is sadly puzzled.	Mixture of murder and international intrigue goes down surprisingly well, with finish overflowing with action.	Good
DEATH IN THE QUARRY *G. D. H. & M. Cole* (Crime Club: $2)	Works manager blown to death in quarry. Accident or murder? Superintendent Wilson fumbles to solution.	The Coles strike too leisurely a pace in this one, and interest flags before dénouement.	Middling

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

A Life of Menasseh Ben Israel. C. Roth. Jewish Publication Society. *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson.* G. Taggart. Knopf. $2.50 net. *Renoir.* A. Vollard. Knopf. $2.50 net.

FOREIGN

Napoléon III. P. Guériot. Paris: Payot.

HISTORY

A History of American Foreign Policy. J. H. Latané. Revised D. W. Wanhouse. Doubleday. $4. *A History of Russian Literature.* Prince D. S. Mirsky. Knopf. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL

Travels in the Congo. A. Gide. Knopf. $2.50.

RELIGION

We See Jesus. W. P. Merrill. Harpers. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Profit in Writing. L. D'Orsay. Los Angeles: Parker, Stone & Baird. *All's Fair.* Capt. H. Landau. Putnams. $3. *Wasn't the Depression Terrible?* O. Soglow and D. G. Plotkin. Covici. $2. *Your Child Is Normal.* G. Adams. Covici. $2. *Veterans on the March.* J. Douglas. New York: Workers' Library. $1.25. *The Spastic Child.* M. K. Fischel. St. Louis: Mosby. *A Thesaurus of Slang.* Compiled H. N. Rose. Macmillan. $1.75. *First Aid Afield.* P. W. Gartner. Macmillan. $1.25.

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See Personals this issue for full description

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, versatile, broadly educated, is intelligently interested in theatre, literature, travel, sports, fertile ideas. Has zest for life, keen understanding of people. Would enjoy corresponding with single man of character, intelligence, 35-45, possessing similar tastes and constructive attitude toward life. Carolyn.

TWENTY amusing letters about bicycling through England this September for $8.00. Marjory Hammond.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, NORWALK, CONN. Small, distinguished, different. Overlooking Silvermine River. Booklet on request. Tel. Norwalk 2300.

WANTED—Male secretary, for service in southern California. Duties, both literary and athletic, include: typing intelligently, taking dictation, bumming round, throwing medicine ball, putting up with a lot. Reward includes bed, board and diminutive wages. Place is rural, beautiful and dull. No violent prejudices permitted. Amiable nature, bookish leanings, sturdy carcass, low voice and high aspirations all gratefully respected. Opportunity, perhaps, for some young gent seeking a break. Please reply frankly and fully without preliminary correspondence. Box 905.

FOR SALE—Small, pedigreed, country dogs. Pets boarded and trained. Ruth Clement, Hillsboro, N. H.

IS THERE A WOMAN, neither young nor old, who longs to spend autumn and winter on a Vermont farm at a very small expense? College woman with very active rural job at somewhat erratic hours wants someone to share housekeeping responsibilities. Companionship wanted rather than a boarder. A mountain on the farm; Bennington College six miles away. A mutual trial is invited. Box 894.

LOVE OF SOLITUDE is a priceless gift—but correspondence with like-minded people precludes the feeling of utter loneliness. CONTACTS connects you with the mentally isolated. Uncommon books loaned free. Send 3c stamp for prospectus. 11 E. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

COLLEGE graduate studying design, September, New York, desires board exchange services evenings. Rosalind.

STUDIO—Some intelligent person is offered an opportunity to reasonably rent or share a well-lighted studio in central Manhattan, having large rooms, private elevator, and beautiful furnishings, including a Steinway concert grand. If adjectives had a real meaning any more, this would be a "perfect" studio for a successful artist, musician, or cultured individual. Box 898.

YOUNG man, 24, New Yorker, wishes connection in journalism, research, collaboration, library work, or bookshop—anywhere. Personable although extremely talented and capable. Box 900.

YOUNG man, 25, Ph. B. Chicago, J. D. Northwestern, entering Harvard September. Stenotypist, also typewrites one hundred words minute. Wishes part-time job Boston or vicinity. Have stenotype, also typewriter. Best of references. Box 899.

WANTED: Home for unusually bright and attractive orphan boy, 13. Jane M. Brown, Deposit, New York.

MIDDLE-AGED gentleman, member of two learned professions, writer, widely traveled, poised, accustomed to handling important matters, pliant in everything but conscience, healthy, adaptable, single, seeks opportunity. Box 903.

FOR RENT—Six room furnished cottage. Trees, birds, sunny windows, books. Public schools, Saint Mary's School for girls, and State College of North Carolina University within easy walking distance. 105 Harrison Avenue, Raleigh, North Carolina.

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PERSONALS

VACANCY in select eastern prep for Junior school teacher, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send photo and credentials. Box X.

LETTERS FROM A YOUNG LADY would be greatly appreciated by lonely young southern engineer in a strange town. Morgan.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

YOUNG LADY wishes correspondence with intelligent, interesting, unattached young man, vicinity Chicago. Box 906.

HOPEFUL FOR SIMPLE but gracious living with quiet book and cat loving family for healthy elderly lady in uncitified part of Boston suburbs for $10 weekly. Will furnish own linen, etc. "Confirmed Reader in Bed."

25,000 MEN (any, all vocations—eminent, obscure) wanted to labour together as one for righteousness' sake—for miserable mankind all over world. Principles based on life and teaching of Jesus. Write (only if sincere). Inclose stamp. John Belanger, Stafford Springs, Conn.

CHARMING Southern girl; competent secretary; experienced in editorial, literary, research, and publicity work; accurate proofreader; desires position October first or sooner. Box 904.

BETSEY PRIG mistaken. "Mrs. Harris" exists and wants to correspond with refined gentleman who believes "Life Begins Decade after Forty." Box 902.

BICYCLING IN EUROPE, particularly France, next year. What practical information or advice can you offer? Box 901.

TEACHER, 33, private school, will act as governess or companion to young person. Will go abroad. References. P. O. Box 609, Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE student, 24, desires meet one or two congenial young men: purpose to find and share small apartment. Have furniture. Box 896.

YOUNG man, 26, University graduate, weary even unto extinction of traffic in nuts and bolts, seeks connection with business office of a Foundation, Museum, or other social, non-profit-making organization, where training and interests may be reconciled without hypocrisy and allied to a goal capable of exciting real enthusiasm. Box 897.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, 20 miles east of Watch Hill, 7 miles west of Narragansett Pier, at Matunuck, Rhode Island. Post office, Wakefield; R.R. destination, Westerly; Telephones, Narra. Pier 265-W and 159-R-2; Electricity; Private Baths; Library, Several Thousand Volumes; Private Beach and Bathhouses; Inlet Pond for Boating; use of Bathhouses, Boats, Books free to guests; No Extras. Room and Board with Private Bath $50 up; without Bath, $40 up. Two in room, special price. Come and enjoy the constant breeze of Rhode Island's Beautiful Inn-by-the-Sea at Matunuck. Wire for reservations today. Inn meets guests without charge at Westerly if full train information, including train's name, number, hour and date of arrival is provided. Theatre-by-the-Sea operated nightly under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein's grandson, Theodore Hammerstein, is located on the Inn-by-the-Sea's 10-acre Tract of Sea Front.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn. A quiet, beautiful place in the country. Excellent food.

YOUNG WOMAN, educated, versatile, adaptable, thorough professional training in acting, intensive experience directing amateur plays, teaching oral English, seeks position acting, directing stock company or directing college dramatics. Excellent references. Clemence.

IN A RADIO ADDRESS, a Stanford Professor declared that Shakespeare received only a grammar-school education; and that anyone who disputed his dictum was not a clear thinker. His attention was directed to Sonnet 128, which begins: "How oft when thou my musike musike playst"; and he was asked if music and composition were taught in the Stratford Grammar-school. The Commonwealth Club of California, which maintains an impartial position as an open forum for the discussion of disputed questions, invited the Professor to submit his case, so that those opposed might answer it. The Professor declined the invitation. It is sad to note that Professors who teach children about "Shake-speare" always refuse to debate when asked to prove anything. The lovers of Truth: those who know in their hearts and souls that Edward DeVere was "Shake-speare"; merely ask that the Stratford adherents prove something. Just tell something without "Probably." That does not seem much to ask from Paediculi who sneer at their opponents. George Frisbee.

SECRETARY, stenographer, male, 22, experienced, desires position, advertising, publicity, publishing. Box 907.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

HISTORY FOR AN EXAMINATION

Will you please suggest, writes R. J. H. of Toledo, O., *a list of books on the history, government, and institutions of the United States, England, continental Europe, Latin America, and the Far East since* 1776? *I wish to study the subjects in sufficient detail to meet the requirements of the Foreign Service examination of the State Department.*

I AM as ignorant as an unborn babe of the requirements of the aforementioned department, but I take it for granted, in view of the amplitude of its swing that its examination demands a general acquaintance with the annals of what constitutes the greater part of the world rather than detailed knowledge of them. If that is so, R. J. H. ought to be able to pass with credit if he tackles some of the briefer general histories on the countries in which he is interested and follows those with a few more specialized studies. For the United States, he might first read James Truslow Adams's THE EPIC OF AMERICA (Scribner) to get a panoramic view of the events of our history, and then take THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION (Macmillan), by Charles and Mary Beard, an excellent work for his purpose in which he will find the stress falling on economic and social development. He should by all means, whatever else he selects, read Bryce's AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH (Macmillan), still the best work obtainable on the institutions of the country, and if he has time, and wants to go more into the detail of American history from 1850 on, he can choose between such several-volumed series as Oberholtzer's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR (Macmillan) and Rhodes's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (Macmillan). When it comes to England, there is always Green to be read for enjoyment, either in the longer or the shorter form, but, I suppose, if R. J. H.'s time is limited and he wants something on the order of a text book, up to date and bestowing special attention on social and economic matters, he can concentrate very satisfactorily on Robert B. Mowat's NEW HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN (Oxford University Press). With it he should study THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND (Macmillan), by A. Lawrence Lowell, former president of Harvard University, who did for England in this book much what Bryce had done for the United States in THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. The classic book on English economic history is, of course, THE HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM (Longmans, Green), by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. Continental Europe presents so gigantic a proposition to handle with any thoroughness that the best way out of the difficulty seems to be to do it up in short order with a single work like Carlton J. H. Hayes's POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE (Macmillan). With the Far East, too, R. J. H. will probably find that his best road to the information he desires is by way of the short cut such a work as Harold M. Vinacke's HISTORY OF THE FAR EAST IN MODERN TIMES (Knopf) offers. This covers China, Japan, and Korea, and has good bibliographies which he can consult if he wishes to carry his studies further. The bibliographies in William R. Shepherd's HISPANIC NATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD (Yale University Press), a chronicle of events, and in his LATIN AMERICA (Holt), which is a brief but valuable cultural history, will also direct him to further reading if he desires it.

SOUTH AMERICA IN FACT AND FICTION

E. H. H. of Anthon, Iowa, *wants books dealing with South American countries, their customs, heroes, and people. In addition, he is also interested, for a woman's club, in novels the plots of which are laid in South America or which have characters prominent in South American history. Travel books also interest him.*

Only the other day I listened enthralled while one of my guests held forth on the amazing quality of Prescott's scholarship which permitted so accurate a reconstruction of a vanished civilization as that in his CONQUEST OF PERU at a time when the excavations which proved its correctness had not yet been made. There is no substitute for his work, and if E. H. H. has not yet read it he should hasten to do so. Long ago, in one of those vacations of my school years, when no book or books seemed too long to attempt, I read first THE CONQUEST OF PERU and then THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, and I often wish now that I could steal enough time away from the new books to reread those old ones which are history and romance in one. There are two other authors besides Prescott who come at once to mind on mention of South America, W. H. Hudson and R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. Hudson's GREEN MANSIONS (Knopf), with its beautiful descriptions of the Venezuelan forest, its romance of a European and a mysterious native girl who understands the language of the beasts, and its feeling for and knowledge of nature, is, of course, one of the established works of recent literature. Charming, too, are his autobiographical FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO (Dutton), IDLE DAYS IN PATAGONIA (Dutton), PURPLE LAND (Dutton), and TALES OF THE PAMPAS (Knopf), all of them written with beauty and interwoven with reflections on nature. Cunninghame-Graham has likewise a long list of excellent books to his credit—sound studies couched in spirited language, BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO (Dodd, Mead), "being some account of him taken from his TRUE HISTORY of the CONQUEST OF NEW SPAIN"; A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC (Dial), the life and miracles of Antonio Conselheiro; THE CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA (Houghton Mifflin), a life of Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada, with Colombia for background; THE CONQUEST OF THE RIVER PLATA (Doubleday, Doran), the scene of which is Argentina, and VANISHED ARCADIA (Dial), a study of the Jesuits in Paraguay. For the general history of South America the volumes by William R. Shepherd, which I mentioned in the answer above to R. J. H., are as succinct accounts as E. H. H. can find in brief compass. Rosita Forbes's EIGHT REPUBLICS IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE (Stokes) is a recent volume of interest, while H. H. Rusby's JUNGLE MEMORIES (Whittlesey House), the chronicle of a physician who penetrated into the wilds of South America in search of medicinal herbs, is full of fascinating facts. Bryce's SOUTH AMERICA (Macmillan) is not only one of the best but one of the most interesting volumes the general reader can procure, while of the older books a most discriminating and illuminating discussion of the South America of two decades ago is Arthur Ruhl's THE OTHER AMERICANS (Scribner). For facts of all sorts E. H. H. should consult A SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, edited by Howard Davies (Wilson). And just in time I have recalled, what otherwise would have been called to my attention from all quarters, that I have made no mention of Conrad's NOSTROMO (Doubleday, Doran), which, as everybody knows, is a tale of revolution and regeneration in a South American republic, and of his ROMANCE (Doubleday, Doran), which also has scenes in South America. So has that old classic, Captain Marryat's FRANK MILDMAY. And then there's Ibanez's FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (Dutton). I almost forgot that love of my childhood, Captain Mayne Reid's AFLOAT IN THE FOREST, on which all my ideas of the tropical wilderness and most of my notions of the Amazon region rest. I haven't read it for more years than I like to remember, but I still feel the spell of its descriptions and still am convinced that nothing could be more romantic than the region it depicts. And there's that later book, Conan Doyle's THE LOST CONTINENT (Doubleday, Doran), a pseudo-scientific romance that has found its way to the screen. I'm not given to that kind of literature, but I hung breathless over that particular volume from first page to last. And there's Richard Harding Davis's—But that's enough for the present.

BOOKS ON ETHICS

I shall appreciate it very much, writes C. H. H. of Buffalo, N. Y., *if you will inform me where I can find a rather complete bibliography of books on ethics or morals.*

If C. H. H. has access to a library which contains the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS (Scribners), edited by James Hastings and others, he will find full bibliographies in its twelve volumes. Johann E. Erdmann's HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY (Macmillan), to mention but one work of the kind, contains bibliographical material, which is also of course to be found in many special studies of ethics. The New York State Library issues a pamphlet for ten cents entitled READING LIST OF ETHICS. I don't, however, know how recently it has been revised, and up to what point it carries its references.

PERSONALS

DARKEST AFRICA, would you like to go and see Zanzibar, Lake Victoria and the Mountains of the Moon? Jinja.

NOTICE, Red-headed Irishmen! Upon receipt of affidavit establishing your racial origin and color of hair, the undersigned will send you gratis one personally signed copy of BOTHAR AN FHIR GHAIRIDHE. (This offer is limited to the first twenty-five affidavits received—only 25 copies available even for red-heads.) "Shane Erskine."

H. W. H.—Let me see and judge. Wayne.

PITTSBURGH Employers—High school graduate, nineteen years old, wants position as helper to bookkeeper. I am after the experience and will work without pay. Box 909.

MISS FRANK—Your address is necessary. D. D.

WANTED: Young woman who would like to exchange light, pleasant service assisting in cooking, etc., and as companion, for two months life in small camp on Maine coast. Box 908.

CLASSIFIED

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BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

SINCE I have been turning over the leaves of books of new poetry for a good many years now, it seems to me that one can tell a good deal by the random opening of a book and the reading of a few lines. Either something arrests the eye or the mind upon any page of a noticeable poet, or the eye and the mind slide quickly over unimpressive words. Looking over the few books of new verse that I have brought to the mountains with me, I tried this morning such a test, and in one book I found something. "Like a pointer," I read "twilight gingerly slips on To flush the covey of a mirrored sound." My mind immediately raised several slight objections to the analogy of the pointer, but the line was sufficiently unusual to make me pause. I then turned to the jacket of the small volume published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and learned that its title was "Dæmon in the Rock," that its author was *Edwin Richardson Frost,* and that so good a poet as *John Crowe Ransom* had written a foreword for him. Someone called *Sidney Mttron-Hirsch* also believes he has discovered a genius in the work of Mr. Frost. This adds one more to the distinguished list of poetic Frosts, none of whom seems to be related to any of the others.

I am late in mentioning Mr. Frost's book, as it appeared this Spring. It suffered from being whelmed in the tide of many books of verse in that season. But it is unusual and should be singled out. One finds at once that this poet is enamoured of peculiar words—of "Numinous planets, galactian breath." He is often cacophonic. He is also, as Mr. Ransom points out in his brief foreword, inclined to be occult after a fashion that "is not readily intelligible except to mystics." But his main virtue is that he is usually interesting and that his search is for the expressive epithet. If he stumbles a good many times, his feet are at least upon the right road. I think he will refine away the much dross of his language as he goes on. Mastery of rhythm and cadence has not yet been attained. His lines are inclined to thump woodenly and his syllables to huddle or scatter. But, as his title indicates, he is sincerely attempting to free the spirit from the rock, though his chisel as yet be often maladroit.

I daresay a good many readers will find nothing but such work as a new Thomas Holley Chivers "in Hypogean West" might be essaying. But in spite of the jaw-cracking embellishments of Mr. Frost's vocabulary I contend that his is not, to borrow an expression of his own, "mulerian effort futilely spent." His poetry needs a harsh purge. He has read so much, it would seem, and has actually experienced so little as yet, that he often and often takes a jugglery of words for oracular utterance, whereas it is certainly nothing of the kind. Nevertheless his sometimes convulsing pedantry would seem to indicate the rough beginnings of a more genuine power.

UNHEARD MELODIES

From E. P. Dutton & Company comes "Unheard Melodies," by *Lord Gorell,* originally published by the famous John Murray in London, Byron's publisher. Poets as good as *Lascelles Abercrombie* and *Gordon Bottomley* find the work worthy of comment. Abercrombie speaks of "a style of orderly and yet vivid, finely and actively adjusted beauty which I find extraordinarily satisfactory." Orderly the work may be, yet a great deal of it is boring, and the general savour is stale. "The Private View," a lighter moment, though sufficiently old in idea, is fairly entertaining. "The Coat" is a better story, yet could also have been better told. But it is simply a fact that much of this verse is so bald and totally undistinguished as to arouse wonderment at its publication.

RAMON GUTHRIE

As an intimate of the Provençal, an accomplished novelist, and a salient individual, *Ramon Guthrie* is one of our most notable younger Americans. In the series of "The Arts Chapbooks," from the Arts Press—the address is not given me—I have his "Scherzo" from a poem to be entitled "The Proud City," dedicated to *Malcolm Cowley.* There is a good deal of freshness and amusement in this poem. The first section is well-wrought, and the third section, about Billy Bender, exploits what *Conrad Aiken* calls *Ezra Pound's* "characteristic trick of shock by juxtaposition, the cheek-by-jowling of the quick poetic flash with the ironic matter-of-factness of the vulgate." Even if it's an old trick, Guthrie brings it off here rather better than Pound usually does—"the jane that drilled herself," and "Magna Helena whom the Gnostics knew." Like Aiken, I wish they'd learn new tricks—but if one cannot perceive the subtle take-off on Pound one has only to read a little further and be violently arrested by the more blatant take-off on Eliot, parts of which are both entertaining and sage. Mr. Guthrie is so adept at the devices of the modern great that one wishes he would launch forth for himself in poetry and show us some real pitching.

Trade Winds

☞Split second exposure No. 2: Recipe for a honky-tonk bookshop—Three gents, a gripful of books, and a Forty-second Street or Broadway spot with plenty of pedestrians. We galloped up to one of these fresh air layouts one day last week and found business not colossal. There is a different twist to selling books the honky-tonk way. Two of the gents act as look-outs for the law and the other baby opens up his grip, displays his merchandise, and rattles off a swift, glib line of chatter that draws a crowd. High rental locality on a no rental basis. The term of lease depends upon the cops. The book stock is entirely of publishers' remainders bought for about ten cents a volume and peddled to the throng at a quarter a throw. The spiel is brief: Improve your mind—read books by famous authors; two and three dollar editions for only a quarter; no time for browsing, folks; you can't go wrong for a quarter. A flash glance reveals several good titles. There are a few Crime Club volumes; Sinclair's *Boston;* Maxwell Bodenheim's *Georgie May* and *Replenishing Jessica.* The jackets are fresh and to the transient customer the value appears big. There is no let up on the talk. A few sales are made. More people stop, a larger crowd results. And this is when the business must soon fold up. The look-outs are on guard. Any moment now one of the guardians of the law may appear. Suddenly, swiftly comes the warning, from one of the watchers. The books are dashed back into the grip, the three gents scram along, and soon choose another spot for their business. The boys split the take three ways. No rent? Not exactly. If the law catches up with them they do pay rent. The fine comes to about five dollars.

☞Book Babble: We went ahead one day this week to find out the reading choices of the masses and the classes. And here is the dope: From Ball & Wilde, a financial district bookshop on Broad Street, we found the bankers hunched over *The Coming American Revolution* and *So Red The Rose;* the workers, according to The Workers' Bookshop on E. 13th Street, are going strong for *The Land of Plenty* and *The Coming Struggle for Power.* From the Wakefield Shop on East 54th Street the debutantes are reading *So Red The Rose* and in the non-fiction class it is a toss-up between *I, Claudius* and *Stars Fell On Alabama;* the office girls are giving *Lamb in His Bosom* and *Nijinsky* a swell break according to B. Altman's book department. The down-town literati in Greenwich Village are fighting over *Nijinsky* and *And Quiet Flows The Don,* says the Washington Square bookshop; the swanky literati around the Sutton Place tenements are praising *So Red The Rose* and *I, Claudius.* This last report comes from the Sutton Place bookshop. * * * Pat Delhi doing the night trick for Dauber & Pine sold a mess of books for $60 to one customer just before closing time. Included in the purchase were two copies of *Holy Deadlock.* * * * With the two to one decision handed down by the U. S. Court of Appeals in favor of *Ulysses* last week the tome goes into another printing and Sumner is far behind. * * * Books for the tots are getting big window play all over town. * * * The Doubleday Grand Central shop is knocking 'em over with *Holy Deadlock* and *American Song.* Both bear the D. D. imprint. * * * The Carter & Pollard tome, *An Enquiry Into Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets,* is bringing plenty of headaches to the first edition and rare book dealers. * * *

Look into these Smith and Haas BEST-SELLERS

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BOBBS-MERRILL

EVERYDAY IN EVERY WAY...

There is still some magic in the old formula. Bookstore sales of *The Saturday Review* are steadily increasing. Take The Everyday Bookshop in Burlington, Vermont, for instance. Alice A. Blanchard writes as follows in a recent letter to Mr. Joseph Consolino, the Review's New England representative: "Our experiment in pushing *The Saturday Review of Literature* is going so well with our summer tourist trade that we will be glad to increase our order. We wish to make it *eleven* issues a week instead of *five.*"

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